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Rainbows at Work

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families March 1957

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

MARCH 15, 1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 6***

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From windy hilltops, vacant lots, pastures, and schoolgrounds, the colorful kites of March are soaring heavenward to herald approaching spring. The two youngsters on our cover were photographed in California by John Mechling.

Almost in the shadow of the Kremlin an American pastor photographed this crowd of elderly worshipers in Moscow's Baptist church. Communism schools its youth in atheism . . . but now Russian students are beginning to ask questions, as Virgil Kraft reports on page 13 of this issue.

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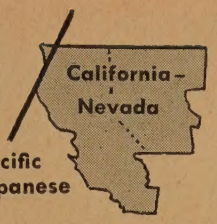
San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.



Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

McCallister To New Post

The Rev. Robert McCallister began new duties March 1 as associate director of the youth and student division of the Conference Board of Education—a newly created position.

Mr. McCallister is the third Bob on the board staff. Others are Executive Secretary Boswell and Youth Director Cary.

He is primarily responsible for intermediate activities—camps and Christian Adventure Days attended last year by 1,077 and 1,500 persons, respectively. He will also be in charge of training adult workers with youth, with emphasis on the church-school program.

For the past 20 months, Mr. McCallister was pastor of St. Helena Church, his first assignment after graduation from San Francisco State College and Pacific School of Religion.

From 1953-55 he served Tamalpais Valley Church.

Mrs. McCallister is the former Miss Joanne Stenninger, of San Francisco. Both have served as editors of *Conference Clatter,* youth publication.

The new associate succeeds Mrs. Albert Lynch of Burlingame, who had been serving part-time. She will continue to be active in the program.

The youth office is at 83 McAllister Street in San Francisco. The new associate and his wife will live in San Francisco.

MISSION LIVESTOCK

Shipment Delayed

Twenty-five of the 26 farm animals which the Conference sent in December to Missionary Thomas Harris in Sarawak had reached Hong Kong by early February, but they were delayed in shipment.

Word came from the Rev. Wendall Kramer of Modesto who traveled with the stock, that arrangements for shipping from Hong Kong to Sarawak were indefinite. Delays on the first leg of the journey resulted in missing one ship. Most of the extra expense of the delay is being met by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. One of the six pigs died aboard ship.

Mr. Marchant Heads Forest Hill Manor

Selection of Floyd L. Marchant as administrator of Forest Hill Manor, newest of the Conference institutions, has been announced by Roy J. Pryor, chairman of California-Nevada Methodist Homes.

Mr. Marchant

This former hotel in Pacific Grove, used as a retirement home since December, 1955, now has 56 members in residence. The hotel operation was concluded last December.

Mr. Marchant replaced the Rev. Frank I. Cockrell, who returned to the pastorate near Baltimore. He comes from Tucson, Ariz., where he has been with a group studying possible establishment of a similar residence. Formerly, he was assistant superintendent at the Methodist home, Chula Vista, Calif. He has served on a state committee on standards and regulations for retirement homes and is an active Methodist. He is married and has a teen-age daughter.

In a community with a long Methodist history, the 100-room Forest Hill Hotel was purchased in 1955 by the Conference corporation.

When present rooms have been refurbished, the initial membership will be 76 persons in 87 rooms. Other rooms have been set aside for guests, kitchenettes, program, health unit and nurses' quarters.

The manor includes a library, music and television room and craft shop. The city's adult education department is just across the street and other community facilities are within a short walk. The manor and its landscaped grounds overlook the city and Monterey Bay, some 110 miles south of San Francisco.

The new home has been financed by the founder's fee method. Each incoming member pays a sum to secure use of a room for life. This ranges from $4,300 upward, depending upon accommodations. The monthly care payment is the same for all.

Groundwork for the institution was laid by the Conference Board of Hospitals and Homes, then headed by the Rev. D. Clifford Crummey of Grace Church, Stockton. Now both the board and the home corporation are led by Mr. Pryor, layman in First Church, Palo Alto.

Youth Groups Nominate Baldwin, Maas

Donald Baldwin, of San Bruno, and Calvin Maas, of Lodi, have been nominated for presidencies in the Conference youth program next year. Both are students at College of the Pacific, preparing to enter church-related work.

Don, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Donald H. Baldwin, was nominated to head the Methodist Youth Fellowship; and Calvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maas, the Wesley Fellowship.

Their names will be presented for election at the Conference House of Representatives meeting April 26-28, at Hillsdale Church, San Mateo. The session also will include work toward more effective programming and discussion of social issues and action.

• The first district MYF conventions this year have shown appreciable increases in attendance. More than 300 attended the opener in San Jose District. The theme, "No Man Is An Island," is on the subject of brotherhood.

By Supplement deadline, those elected as presidents were Dave Lutes of Burlingame, San Jose District; Eric Rasmussen of Taft, Fresno District; Jack Wheeler of Los Banos, Central District. The final convention will be March 22-23 at Woodland for Sacramento-Nevada District.

• Five districts are conducting Wesley Fellowship roundups this spring, on the theme of "Witnessing." The last one will be March 24 for Sacramento-Nevada District.

• Conference youth were represented at the United Nations Washington Seminar in New York and Washington, D. C., by Jim Lynn of Burlingame and Bill Mendenhall of Wesley Church, Modesto. Both are College of the Pacific students and past district MYF presidents.

Mr. Maas

Mr. Baldwin

A surprise but welcome visitor to the South San Francisco school of missions was retired Bishop Raymond L. Archer of Singapore. From left are Mrs. Herman Burkwall of St. Paul's Church, Mrs. Fred Benson of Hillsdale Church, San Mateo, Bishop Archer, and Mrs. James C. Morriss Jr., of St. Paul's Church who was dean.

MISSION SCHOOL

Hears Bishop Archer

A venture in faith and united effort for a joint school of missions in South San Francisco's three Methodist churches paid off in a program and participation far beyond expectations.

The greatest surprise as the group began study of Southeast Asia was the arrival on the scene of Bishop Raymond L. Archer, just retired from leadership of the Southeastern Asia Central Conference. He and Mrs. Archer were on their way to New York and had stopped to visit a nephew, Claude E. Grimm, of Buri Buri Church. He told about current developments in the study area.

This was the first joint school for the churches—Buri Buri, St. Paul's, and Parkwood. Attendance ranged as high as 275 persons at the four sessions. Mrs. James C. Morriss Jr. of St. Paul's Church was dean.

'MAN OF THE YEAR'

Men Pick Mayor

One of San Francisco's outstanding events of 1957 was the testimonial banquet given recently by Methodist Men of Calvary Church for Mayor George Christopher. He was presented a plaque designating him "public man of the year."

More than 200 persons, both church and civic leaders, attended the banquet, and directors of many civic agencies expressed tribute to the mayor. The club cited him for "tireless efforts to serve San Francisco . . . during his first year in office he has provided us with a new spirit. The city has 'come alive.'" Mr. Christopher was given a Bible.

Master of ceremonies was Fred D. Parr, a civic leader from Temple Church. Others leading in the plans and program included Fay D. Kiff, club president, and the Rev. Fredric H. Busher, pastor.

• Among the newest men's clubs is that at First Church, Fresno, chartered on March 12. More than 60 men had signed the charter by mid-February. First president is Audwin Martin, an employee of Pittsburg-Des Moine Steel Company.

NATIONAL MEETINGS

Area Sends Leaders

Many San Francisco Area representatives have attended recent national meetings of The Methodist Church.

Bishop Tippett participated in those of the General Board of Education, the Commission on Christian Higher Education, Television, Radio and Film Commission and the district superintendents' conference. In Chicago for the latter, he spoke to a rally of more than 1,500 youths.

Other meetings and those who attended include:

Board of Education—Robert J. Cary, Conference director of youth and student work.

Higher Education—the Rev. Carl Stocking of Fresno, Dr. Robert E. Burns, and Dean Lloyd M. Bertholf of College of the Pacific.

Board of Evangelism spiritual life conference—the Rev. Elmer Schmitt of Montclair Church, Oakland.

National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes—the Rev. and Mrs. Harold R. Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Z. Jones of Fred Finch Home, and Roy J. Pryor of Forest Hill Manor. Mr. Barnes was chairman of one session of the children's home section.

In addition to all district superintendents at their Chicago meeting were the Rev. Robert Moon of San Leandro and the Rev. Shigeo Shimada of Spokane, chairmen of World Service and Finance; the Rev. Ralph D. York of Woodside Road Church, Redwood City, and the Rev. George Uyemura of Denver, chairmen of Promotion and Cultivation; Winston H. Taylor, Mill Valley, director of promotion.

The Area was well represented at the General Board of Missions' annual meeting in January at Buck Hill Falls.

Active as board members were George H. Atkinson of Burlingame, the Rev. Elliott L. Fisher of San Jose and Mrs. J. P. Howell of Hamilton Church, San Francisco.

Board representatives included the Rev. Taro Goto of Lodi, superintendent of Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, and Jim McGiffin of Mountain View, with a new title of assistant secretary for special services. Ezra Cox, retired Western representative, and Mrs. Cox attended.

Special guests were the Rev. Maurice Cheek of Centennial Church, Sacramento, one of two district missionary secretaries elected from the Asilomar Missionary conference, and Mrs. Cheek, and Winston H. Taylor of Mill Valley, Area director of public relations and promotion.

TIPPETT LECTURES

Dr. Fitch Is Speaker

Dr. Robert E. Fitch of Pacific School of Religion will be speaker at the second Bishop Tippett Lectures at College of the Pacific, April 6, and at the Conference Urban Life, Town and Country Convocation, April 23-24, at Glide Church, San Francisco.

Subject at the Tippett Lectures will be "Christian Faith and the Inquiring Mind." Dr. Fitch will speak at 10:30 a.m. and a panel discussion is set for 1:30 p.m. The sessions, in Anderson social hall, are open to the public.

The Bishop Tippett Lectures on "Religious Perspectives in Higher Education" were launched a year ago under sponsorship of COP's Faculty Christian Fellowship.

Relationships of the church to community problems, social situations, and the church community will be the central theme for the Urban Life-Town and Country Convocation.

Mr. Fitch

Small seminar groups are planned for the convocation which will be directed by the Rev. George A. Warmer Jr., of First Church, Oakland, chairman of the Urban Life Committee of the Board of Missions, and the Rev. Oscar Link of First Church, Eureka, chairman of the Town and Country Commission.

HELP FROM CHURCHES

Refugee Families Arrive

Seven more refugees have arrived under sponsorship of three California-Nevada churches.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Brouwer came from Indonesia, via repatriation to Holland, on Jan. 14. Within a week Montclair Church, Oakland, had secured both bank employment and an apartment in

San Francisco for Mr. and Mrs. Brouwer.

Cambrian Park Church, San Jose, is sponsoring John Liptai through the commission on missions. He arrived in January. Though not regularly employed due to language difficulties, he is learning English and doing odd jobs for church members.

In late January Mr. and Mrs. Frans L. Twijsel and their two young daughters arrived in San Leandro from Indonesia, via Holland.

COMMUNITY GROUPS

Honor Three Laymen

Community organizations have honored three laymen of First Church, Eureka.

Fred Landenberger, member of the official board, was given a distinguished service award as "outstanding man of the year" by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The previous year's winner was Burton Speer, lay leader of the church.

The community's "woman of the year," selected by the Quota Club is Mrs. Nile Olsen, Conference lay member.

An honorary life membership, citing his service to youth and the community, was granted by Eureka Council of Parents and Teachers to Eddy Ernold, First Church member.

PILOT MUSIC WORKSHOP

Plan Second Venture

High enthusiasm greeted the first venture of the Conference's new commission on worship, a pilot music workshop for Shasta District held in January. Planning is under way for a similar program April 27-28 at Modesto.

Singers, directors or organists participated from Redding, El Camino, Red Bluff, First-Yuba City, Marysville, Oroville, Willows, Orland, Colusa, Corning, Downieville and Chico. The 116-voice choir, directed by Glenn S. Daun of First Church, Modesto assisted by Mrs. Paul Hill of Trinity Church, Chico, presented a worship service with special numbers in the Chico Church.

Directors and organists also met for discussion and review of resources.

ST. JOHN'S FETE

Mrs. Davis Heads Unit

Representatives of the eight nationalities in the Sunday school of St. John's Church, San Francisco, presented a Christmas program for the meeting of St. John's Association.

The association, including women from all San Francisco Methodist churches for the aid of this church, is headed this year by Mrs. Herbert Davis, 1995 Turk Street, a member of Glide Memorial Church.

Special music for the program was provided without charge by Local 6 of the American Federation of Musicians, through its public service fund. The orchestra played during the luncheon.

LARGE CROWD

Meeting Must Move

Methodist mission work among the Indians at Schurz, Nev., was featured in a special program at St. Mark's Church, Sacramento, last month. The unexpected crowd of more than 250 persons forced the group to meet in a nearby school building.

Honored guests and speakers were the Rev. and Mrs. Bert V. Bradshaw, missionaries on the Indian reservation at Schurz. The program, arranged by the commission on missions, included Indian dances in costume by George Packer and Scouts in the "Order of the Arrow," and and Indian Christmas carol by the new junior choir.

$385 AID

Boiled Rice and Soup

Boiled rice, vegetable soup and a drink, with no seconds, comprised the dinner menu on College of the Pacific campus one day recently. As a result, the students sent $385 to aid Hungarian refugee students in the U. S.

Spurred by an appeal through the student senate, the cafeteria and all fraternities and sororities served the sacrificial meal, and the savings from normal procedure went for the relief fund.

CHURCH VOCATIONS

29 Join Fellowship

Twenty-nine young people, committed to preparation for church-related vocations, have joined the Life Service Fellowship. They joined during California-Nevada Conference's seventh annual vocations conference in February at Palo Alto.

Some 210 high school and college students received guidance and interviewed persons in many occupational fields regarding training and prospects. More than 150 applied themselves to vocational interest and academic aptitude tests.

They heard personal experiences leading up to decisions to enter religious vocations by Miss Ruth Pope of New York, field representatives of the Women's Division of Christian Service; Oscar Escamilla of Mexico, student at Pacific School of Religion; and the Rev. Hendrix Townsley of Pico, Calif., missionary to India on furlough.

The Rev. Gene W. Carter, Metropolitan District superintendent, as keynote speaker stressed that vocational decisions must be reached by matching individual talents and abilities to the world's needs. He classed the greatest needs today as those to care for the body, who recognize it as the temple of the soul; those to deal with conditions of human relations; teachers to pass on knowledge; workers in government and politics; skills in communication of both information and values; professional religious leaders.

Mr. Carter urged that entering a church vocation implies no deeper commitment than other occupations but that it offers a great chance to answer many needs. He added that "working for the church" does not require a professional or monetary relationship to an organization but does mean "freedom to explore the heights of service."

LIVINGSTON

Mark 40th Aniversary

One of the results of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake was the formation of colonies of Japanese land owners in the San Joaquin Valley. At the heart of the most successful of these, at Livingston, was Grace Methodist Church, which has just celebrated the 40th anniversary of its organization.

The programs Jan. 14-20, attended by more than 200 persons, included a week-long United Evangelistic Mission with several home meetings; guest speakers including the Rev. J. R. Fujii of Berkeley, Grace's first pastor; a founder's day ban-

For the second consecutive year Albany Church will present an outdoor, living Easter tableaux—scheduled from 7 to 10 p.m. April 18-21. This was the 1956 scene.

quet whose guests included six of the 46 charter members. Pastor is the Rev. Wesley Yamaka.

Livingston's "Yamato Colony" was one of three to pioneer in the near-desert. Hard work resulted in a fertile and productive area. At the center of the farm lands was a 10-acre plot for a Christian church. Although religious services were held from the first, the church was not organized until Jan. 14, 1917.

One of the early farm workers was a boy who became Dr. Hachiro Yuasa, president of International Christian University in Tokyo.

• All but one active minister plus four retired members, participated in the annual pastors' school of Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference in January at San Francisco, according to the Rev. J. K. Sasaki of West Los Angeles, dean.

Immediately after the pastors' school the Conference school of evangelism was held, in turn followed by a Jan. 14-20 Central California workshop and United Evangelistic Mission, in which most pastors participated.

Directed by the Rev. J. C. Kono of Seattle, the school was held to train nearly 100 ministers and laymen in visitation evangelism and in organization of various types of missions.

• Cornerstone for the new West Los Angeles Church was laid Jan. 20, and plans are being made for Bishop Tippett to consecrate the building on May 26.

• Methodists won both divisions of an essay contest for naturalized citizens, sponsored by an American Legion post and the Los Angeles Japanese-American Citizens League. Harry H. Mita of West Los Angeles won the English contest, and Komei Kayano of Spokane, Wash., won the Japanese division.

CLOSE CALL

Blast Misses Church

Although only a half block from the center of Reno's fatal downtown explosion in early February, First Church sustained no damage, according to the Rev. Arthur V. Thurman, pastor.

The blast, from accumulated gas, wrecked several buildings. Some church windows were blown open, but not damaged. The building was thought too close to the explosion to be used as a relief center.

Three more Methodist couples have celebrated 50 or more years of marriage. For Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ralston of Grenada it was 60 years on Nov. 26. Mr. Ralston teaches the adult class at Montague Church. Fifty-seventh anniversary was reached Feb. 14 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson of First Church, Fresno. The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Riggs of Lodi was celebrated Feb. 3.

Pulmonary tuberculosis has hospitalized William Porter at the Veterans Hospital in Oakland. Mr. Porter, who had been taking graduate study at Pacific School of Religion, previously was director of Christian education at First Church, Fresno, and was a three-year missionary to Japan. He is the son of the Robert Porters of Berkeley.

Death came Feb. 11 to Paul E. Doty of Boulder Creek, long-time church member and once Conference lay member from Live Oak Church, Santa Cruz.

A double anniversary celebration on Feb. 25 honored Dr. Robert E. Burns, 25 years after his graduation from College of the Pacific and 10 years after he became its president. He was the guest at a banquet which was held in Stockton Civic Auditorium.

The Wesley Fellowship of Epworth Church, Berkeley, presented two of its members, soprano Sharon Lee McFarland and pianist Jeanene Camp, in a concert Feb. 2. The event was a benefit for the new Alaska Methodist University.

A new Methodist chaplain in the area is the Rev. Paul Pease, an Army captain just returned from Stuttgart, Germany. He is a brother of the Rev. Merritt R. Metcalf of Fort Bragg and son of William H. Metcalf of Lower Lake. Chaplain Pease is assistant to the base chaplain at the Presidio of San Francisco.

A recent parsonage arrival is Stephen Wesley, born Dec. 3 to the Rev. and Mrs. Theodore E. Wall of St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco.

A retired Indiana Conference minister, the Rev. W. R. Thom, 89, died Jan. 1 in Carson City, Nev., where he had resided for the past 10 years.

Appointments by Bishop Tippett include the Rev. Warren W. Peters from Marysville to First Church, Anchorage, Alaska, March 1; Oscar Escamilla to supply Messiah Church, Oakland; John Morris to supply Hopland; Delbert S. Maher to supply St. Helena.

The marriage of the Rev. Fred Hanes of St. Francis Church, San Francisco, and Miss Barbara Whitmore was solemnized Feb. 8 at the bride's home church, Central of San Francisco. Mrs. Hanes is a secretary with the Conference Board of Education.

Mrs. Jennie Phelps, California-Nevada's oldest Methodist, died Feb. 17 in Berkeley. She was 103 last Aug. 1. The widow of a Methodist minister, the Rev. J. W. Phelps, who died in 1924, Mrs. Phelps has had her membership in First Church, Alameda.

FALL TRIP

Tippett to Visit Far East

The Far East will be the area of Bishop Tippett's third episcopal overseas visit. It is scheduled for the fall of 1957.

The bishop's assignment for this quadrennium is to visit Japan, Korea, Formosa, Hong Kong, and Okinawa. He and Mrs. Tippett will leave Sept. 23 for approximately three months.

In past quadrenniums, Bishop Tippett has visited mission work and traveled extensively in Southeast Asia and in Africa.

CHURCH CONSTRUCTION

No Winter Slow-Down

Winter months this year have had little effect on the church building surge in California-Nevada Conference. Current developments include:

• First Church, Alameda, held open house on Feb. 10 marking completion of alterations to two buildings, providing rooms for secondary and junior children, MYF and crib nursery, with work done by Methodist Men. The fellowship hall was redecorated for a parents' group.

• St. Paul's Church, Fresno, is planning dedication soon for the newly decorated and furnished Lindsay Memorial Parlors. This was provided by a legacy from Elliott W. Lindsay in honor of his wife.

• The sanctuary of Los Molinos Church has been redecorated, and a new heating system was installed by Ted Fox, Tommy Thomas, and Vincent Wilcox.

• The Movato congregation moved Jan. 13 into the new sanctuary, which was to be dedicated Feb. 24 by Bishop Tippett. The chapel, a converted residence which had been used since organization of the church in September, 1955, has become a youth center.

• St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco, broke ground Jan. 27 for a $127,000 education unit.

• Actual work of building the new sanctuary on a new location was started at Tracy in mid-January. The $75,000, concrete block buildings is to seat 400 persons and will be completed about June.

• Just over 10 years since its decision to change locations, Turlock Church reached a climax on Feb. 3 with consecration of its 500-seat sanctuary by Bishop Tippett. The $320,000 project included parsonage, fellowship and education wings earlier.

• Fellowship Church, Vallejo, an interracial church, is nearing completion of its own building, with the help of the Week of Dedication and the Board of Missions. The congregation has raised $7,000 for building and on Jan. 26 conducted a booster dinner for funds for furnishings.

• Grace Church, Yuba City, tentatively set ground breaking services for March 24 for the relocated church. The old church has not been used since the 1955 Christmas flood. The new building will be on higher ground some five miles northward.

TOGETHER • MARCH 1957

Kansas

Bishop Dana Dawson
810 National Bank of Topeka Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Central Kansas

NEWS of Your Church in Action

Editors:
Rev. Arthur B. Coole, Box 401, NW Sta., Kansas City 4, Kan.
Rev. J. Lester Hankins, Southwestern College, Winfield

SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE

To Build New Dorm

Southwestern College plans to erect a new dormitory soon, according to President C. Orville Strohl. The cost will approximate $235,000, and the project will be financed through the federal program for college and university housing. The loan is self-liquidating through the revenue received from dormitory fees.

The building will be somewhat similar in structure to the present Broadhurst Hall and will house 70 students. While this new building is to be used eventually as a boys' dormitory, it will be used for the present to house girls. A new building for girls is to be erected in the near future.

The addition of the new dormitory facility will make it possible for Southwestern to accept the additional enrollment which is anticipated for the fall of 1957. The advance enrollment for the 1957-58 term is ahead of a year ago.

SUMMER PROGRAM

Work Camps for Teens

One delegate from each of the 12 districts in Kansas will be eligible to go to one of the three work camps this summer.

The camps will be at the Houchen Settlement and Day Nursery in El Paso, Tex.; Mothers' Jewels Home in York, Neb.; and the Methodist Home for Children in Newton.

To be eligible, an applicant must be a junior or senior in high school.

PASTORS' SCHOOL

To Meet April 22-26

Every member of the two Kansas conferences is urged by Bishop Dawson to attend this year's pastors' school, to be held at Trinity Church, Hutchinson, April 22-26. Robert Williams and George Taylor are in charge of the annual Preachers' Dinner. Dr. Roy M. Brady and Dr. Harold Soulen are deans.

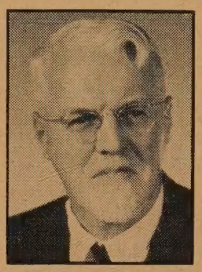
The three leaders will be Dr. James Thomas, General Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Glen Olds of Cornell College, Ithaca, N. Y.; and Dr. William C. Rice of Baker University.

BAKER UNIVERSITY

To Inaugurate 21st Prexy

The inauguration of William John Scarborough as the 21st president of Baker University will be held on March 29 at 10 a.m.

Morrills Embark for Taipeh, Formosa



Dr. Morrill

Mrs. Morrill

Dr. Miron A. Morrill, publicity director and professor of journalism at Southwestern College, Winfield, has been appointed professor of English and academic consultant at Soochow University, Taipeh, Taiwan (Formosa).

Professor and Mrs. Morrill were appointed by Bishop Ralph A. Ward of the Hong Kong-Taiwan Area, to serve a three-year term as missionaries.

Dr. Morrill has taught in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, and Hamlin University, St. Paul, Minn. He received his master's degree and honorary doctor's degree from Hamlin. He also studied at Boston University School of Theology.

Known widely throughout the former

Four Eagle Scouts were awarded the God and Country medal during church service in Norton. Front row: from left, Frederic Gilhousen, Mrs. Gilhousen, Richard Kline, Mrs. Kline, Barry Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, John Tillotson, Mrs. Tillotson, Scoutmaster Robert Posson. Back row: Cecil McMullen, Fred Gilhousen, Leo Kline, A. E. Cooper, J. Tillotson, the Rev. H. P. Woertendyke.

Methodist Episcopal Church as director of public relations for its Board of Education in Chicago, Dr. Morrill handled much of the promotion of church-wide benevolent campaigns. He has been a member and recording secretary of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information since its formation in 1940.

He was for one year acting news editor of the *Christian Advocate*.

Soochow University is nearly 100 years old. During the Japanese invasion it moved to West China, and when the Communists came after World War II it moved to Formosa.

In addition to teaching English and serving as consultant on further development of the university. Dr. Morrill probably will teach a course in the Protestant Theological Seminary in Taipeh and do some of the preaching to the English-speaking Methodist congregation in Taipeh, Free China's capital city.

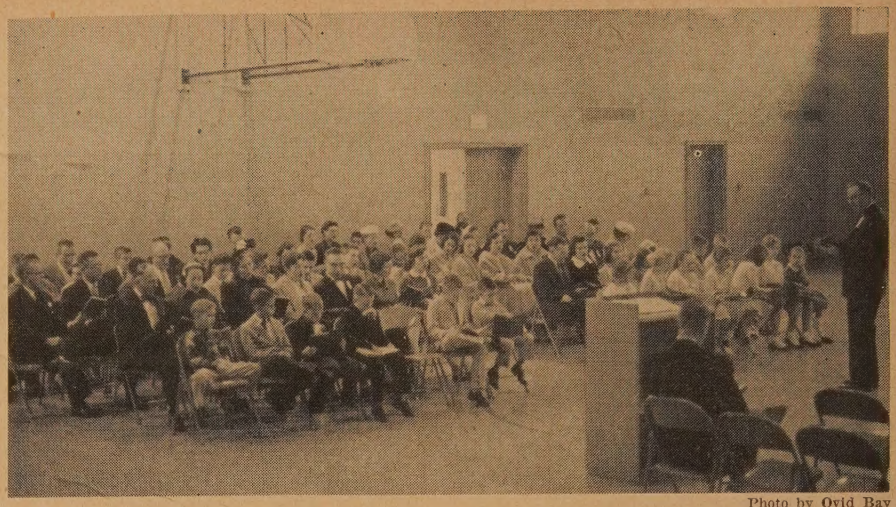


Photo by Ovid Bay

The Leawood Methodist Church held its first anniversary recently in the gymnasium-auditorium of Linwood Grade School, Overland Park. Sixty-four attended the first service last year, and 94 observed the anniversary. The Rev. Baumgartner is pastor.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Wants Business Career

Larry Houdek is a star football player who wants to go into business, rather than professional football, when he graduates. He is small-college All American half back from Kansas Wesleyan University, Salina.

Larry Houdek

Houdek set records this past season for rushing (1,432 yards, an average of 159.9 yards per game) and scoring (114 points). For this feat he was rated All American on both Associated Press and Methodist all star teams.

When asked how it felt to be chosen All American, Houdek launched into enthusiastic praise of his teammates.

Rated a superior student, too, Larry earned the highest scholastic standing of any KWU athlete in 1955-56.

In addition, Houdek is an all-round athlete. He won the Kansas Conference championship in low and high hurdles and has earned two letters in basketball.

Larry Houdek received basic football training when he played six-man football for Agenda High School. The 175-pound athlete, known for his speed and dodging skill, is the son of B. F. Houdek of Agenda.

SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE

See Film Premiere

One of the highlights of Southwestern College's Founders' Day program March 11-12 was the premiere showing of the colored film *Campus Parish*. Its purpose is to interpret the place of Christian higher education in American culture, and it will be shown extensively.

KANSAS WESLEYAN

Spring Enrollment Boom

Second semester enrollment at Kansas Wesleyan University will be approximately 21 per cent higher this spring than a year ago, says President D. Arthur Zook.

The spring enrollment in 1956 was 228, and some 275 students have enrolled for the spring semester of 1957.

Construction of two buildings is expected to start this spring on the campus. One will house 20 students, the other eight faculty members and their families.

It is expected that the buildings will be financed through the Federal Housing and Home Finance agency.

The board of trustees has set a goal of $2 million to be raised by 1961. The fund-raising program covers two new buildings: a gymnasium to replace King Gymnasium and a student social center. The rest of the money will be allocated to liquidation of the debt, endowment, scholarships, and faculty salaries.

The University Philharmonic Choir recently made a three-day trip to seven communities in Kansas. The 50 musicians gave programs at Bazine, Dighton, Garden City, LaCrosse, Ness City, Otis, and Syracuse.

Guest speaker for the Founders' Day program at KWU Feb. 8 was Leland Forrest chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University in Lincoln.

—CENTRAL KANSAS—

DEACONESSES

Commission Beggs, Grier

Miss Ruth Beggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beggs of Ensign, and Miss Velma V. Grier, daughter of J. H. Grier of Haven, were among 83 persons commissioned recently at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., for home and overseas missionary service in The Methodist Church.

Both were commissioned deaconesses. They are graduates of South-western College, Winfield, and are now studying at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn.

For three years Miss Beggs taught social studies at Vashti School, Thomasville, Ga., which is run by the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Board of Missions.

Miss Grier was for three years music teacher and counselor at Frances DePaw Home, Hollywood, Calif., also run by the Woman's Division.

DODGE CITY DIST.

Fire at Sublette

• The annual meeting of the district Woman's Society of Christian Service was held March 12-13 at Bucklin. Mrs. C. K. Higgans of Tribune presided.

• A district seminar on "The Ministry of the Church" will be held in Cimarron March 19. Papers will be presented on five phases of the ministry: evangelism, preaching, worship, pastorship, and social action.

• On Feb. 6 Sublette Church was damaged by an explosion and fire which started in the furnace room. Damage is estimated at $25,000 to $30,000 and is covered by insurance. The Rev. George Manley, recently moved from Indiana, had begun his pastorate at sublette on Jan. 1.

WINFIELD DIST.

Potwin Pastor Weds

• The Rev. C. M. Nutter, pastor at Whitewater-Potwin, and Mrs. Ora Canfield of El Dorado were united in Marriage at El Dorado Church, Feb. 17 by the Rev. O. Ray Cook, pastor at El Dorado. They are at home in the parsonage at Potwin.

• In co-operation with the conference staff, the Rev. W. O. Mulvaney, district superintendent, organized and conducted "Adventures in Christian Education" in several subdistricts Feb. 25-27.

SALINA DIST.

Unit to Cost $240,000

At first quarterly conference in University Church of Salina recently the congregation voted in favor of construction of the first unit to advance an education program involving $240,000.

The first unit will cost an estimated $140,000, and will be completed, it is hoped, by the spring of 1958, according to the pastor, the Rev. Howard M. Von Schriltz.

HAYS DIST.

Build Despite Drouth

• In spite of an acute drouth, the Methodists at Brewster have built a new parsonage on the site of the old one. Their pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Virgil Hays, are the proud occupants of this new home.

• With the appointments of Warren Smith, an Iliff student, to Healy, Manning, and Shields; and David Lydecker to Dresden, Selden, and McGraw, all 68 churches in Hays District are provided with pastoral leadership.

• Hays District Laymen's Rally is scheduled for April 2 at Oakley. The men of the church will serve a supper. Last year, in spite of snow-blocked roads, 800 men attended the rally. The goal this year is 1,000 men. Bernard Vessey of Colorado Springs will be the song leader. The speaker will be the Rev. Ronald Meredith, pastor of First Church, Wichita.

WICHITA DIST.

Exceeds Apportionment

The Rev. O. F. Volkland, district superintendent, reports that acceptances of World Service will exceed the district apportionment by a safe margin. Payments for the first three months totaled $16,854, only $830 short of one-fourth of the year's obligation.

The district paid $5,571 for Hungarian relief for the first quarter.

HUTCHINSON DIST.

Bible Saved in Fire

• The Mitchell Chapel, near Hutchinson, burned to the ground, Jan. 28. Only a few items, including the church Bible, were saved from the 70-year-old structure, according to the Rev. Harley Adamson, who has been supplying the church.

It is believed the fire started in the basement near the furnace. The 165 members plan to build a new church in the near future.

• The church had been undergoing remodeling as a result of a $10,000 gift from the A. E. Rowland estate. About $1,000 had been spent. However, the building was covered by insurance.

• Mrs. Nelson Gardner and Mrs. A. M. Loy both have had surgery at Grace Hospital and are convalescing satisfactorily.

KANSAS

MONA MAE MILLIKAN

Will Go to Belgian Congo

• Mona Mae Milliken, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. N. E. Milliken, Valley Falls, was among 83 who were commissioned for active missionary service in The Methodist Church on Jan. 18.

A graduate of the University of Kansas, and a former student at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn., she plans to leave soon for the Belgian Congo.

TOPEKA DIST.

Get Shields for Robes

• Thirteen of the 21 members of Horton Wesley have received red Crusaders' shields to be attached to their white choir robes. They were awarded for one year's work in the choir. Mrs. Dwight Lyman Patton, the pastor's wife, is choir director. Mrs. Irene Mydland is accompanist.

• The district Woman's Society of Christian Service will be held in Horton April 10.

• The Rev. John Albright, Scranton pastor, recently dedicated the new Fellowship Hall, with the Rev. Clare J. Hayes, district superintendent, preaching the sermon.

• Junction City Church let a contract on Feb. 17 for a new three-story education building to cost $150,000. The Rev. J. Lester McGee is pastor.

• The Rev. Ira C. Willard, pastor of Centralia Church, announced that the Rev. Clare J. Hayes, district superintendent, will be the Week of Dedication preacher.

• The Kansas State College chapter of Kappa Phi, national Methodist club, recently gave a tea in honor of Miss Ann Trout, national editor of *Candle Beam.*

The 253 members of Centralia Church have recently completed remodeling and redecorating both the church (above) and the parsonage. Asbestos shingle sidings were added to the buildings. The Rev. Ira Willard, pastor, led church members on the project.

OTTAWA DIST.

Welcome Refugees

• David Ellsworth, Eudora pastor, reports that his church is sponsoring a European refugee family. Mr. and Mrs. Siegfried and their one-year-old son, Detlev, were scheduled to leave Hamburg, Germany, March 7. They were expected in Eudora a week later.

EMPORIA DIST.

Hear Rhodesia Missionary

• Osage City Church where the Rev. Paul Davis is pastor is making a survey of the local church count. They have checked all phases of the work and are now taking indicated action.

• Sixteen Boy Scouts have received their God and Country Awards at First Church, Emporia.

• Miss Beulah Reitz, a retired missionary from Southern Rhodesia, spoke at the Woman's Society of Christian Service meeting at First Church, Emporia, recently. She emphasized the need for more missionaries.

• Eureka Church recently held a week of evangelistic meetings on the subject "Christianity, Your Way." The preachers were Albert Bramble of Lawrence; Judd Jones of Chanute; S. Ben Finley of Winfield; Maurice Gordon of Madison; and Dwight Dussair of Parsons. The Rev. Robert E. Williams is the minister of this church.

• John Reed and Don Oblander of Eureka attended the Kansas Area Christian Citizenship Seminar in Topeka Feb. 14-16.

INDEPENDENCE DIST.

400 Attend Institute

• The Parsons Ministerial Association has invited District Superintendent Harry O. Ritter to speak at the Holy Week meetings.

• The midwinter district Methodist Youth Fellowship institute postponed from January was held in Baxter Springs Feb. 17. More than 400 attended. "The Meaning of the Cross," a drama, was presented by the MYF of First Church, Pittsburg. John Folletto, district president, and the Rev. Mark Rouch, district director, planned the meeting.

KANSAS CITY DIST.

Returns From West Indies

• The Kansas City, Kan., Methodist City Missionary Society has set its goal to secure an amount equal to two per cent of the pastor's salary from every church in the city. These funds will provide the purchase price of sites and underwrite mortgages for new churches. The annual meeting was held at Metropolitan Avenue Church March 1. Monk Brian of Maryville, Mo., was speaker.

• The Kansas Area leads the South Central Jurisdiction in the number of TOGETHER subscriptions. The Kansas City District is exceeded only by the large Houston and Dallas, Tex., districts.

• The Rev. H. J. Sterling has returned from a trip to the West Indies and is available as a speaker.

• Queens Garden Church, Kansas City, recently celebrated its 25th anniversary. Mrs. E. F. Markley, the organizer and first pastor was present. Her husband is now pastor of the Lakin (Kan.) Church.

• Arlie Swender, assistant general superintendent of Washington Avenue church school, was given the 1957 "Man of the Year" award at the Kansas City YMCA.

• Bob Holloway, Stephen Howard, and Roger Morphew received the God and Country Award in Scouting, Feb. 10, at Asbury Church, Prairie Village.

Gleanings

Interim appointments are: Samuel F. Dutton to DeSoto-Bethel; Davis S. Marrs to Lansing; Maclure Stillwell coming from Emory Seminary to Powhattan.

The annual meeting of the Kansas Conference Woman's Society of Christian Service will be held March 27-29 at Iola. The Wesleyan Service Guild will meet the following two days.

The Kansas Annual Conference will meet June 4-9 at Coffeyville.

Prof. M. K. Snyder of Southwestern College, conference lay leader for Central Kansas Conference, attended the meeting of the National Council of Churches in Williamsburg, Pa., last month.

Mrs. Adell Livesey, long-time Methodist, was honored Jan. 27 with open house at Jamestown Church. She served as primary teacher and superintendent for 50 years.

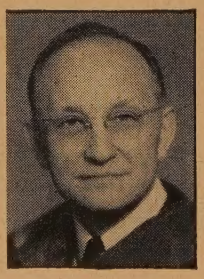
Central Kansas Conference boards and agencies will meet March 25-26 at the second annual Convocation of Boards. Plans will be made to co-ordinate the program for next year and for the quadrennium. The meeting is scheduled at Great Bend.

The Area Pastors' School is scheduled at Trinity Church, Hutchinson, April 22-26.

Members of the Kansas Methodist churches are happy to learn that Benjamin L. Schmidtke has recovered from his accident of last year and is back in his pulpit.

Dean Lovern, Pittsburg State; Corallyn Stayton, Kansas University; and Zoi Rong Hong, Baker University, were chosen to represent the Kansas college youth at the National Christian Citizenship Seminar of the United Nations in New York City and Washington, D. C. The seminar was sponsored by the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

THE BISHOP SPEAKS



'Creed of Jesus'

My Dear Friends:

There is much discussion about religious matters and the new theology today. Recently I came across *The Creed of Jesus* as interpreted by the Rev. Harris Franklin Rall, for many years an honored professor at Garrett Biblical Institute and one of the outstanding churchmen and scholars in America. It is something to which I subscribe with all my heart, and I hope you will give his interpretation which follows the consideration it deserves to have.

• I believe in the God of all love and goodness to whom we lift our hearts in trust. "Our Father."

• I believe in the God of all power and holiness to whom we bow in reverence and awe. "Our Father . . . in heaven."

• I believe in the coming Kingdom of God, the new world in which love and truth and righteousness shall rule. "Thy kingdom come."

• I believe in the will of God as God's great purpose and man's highest good. "Thy will be done."

• I believe in the loving care of God, whose power rules the world and provides for all our needs. "Give us . . . our daily bread."

• I believe in the God of mercy, in his grace and forgiveness for sinful men. "Forgive us our trespasses."

• I believe in the law of mercy, in forgiveness and good will as the rule of life between man and man. "As we forgive."

• I believe in the redeeming God, the God whose saving help awaits every man and equals every need. "Deliver us from evil."

• I believe in men as children of God, made for truth and freedom and love, for fellowship with himself. "Our *Father.*"

• I believe in human brotherhood, that the tie which joins us as children of one Father is greater than anything that divides, and that this brotherhood is the goal of our race and the supreme law of its life. "*Our* Father."

Sincerely,
DANA DAWSON

МИ ВАМИ!

IF WINTER COMES

Can Spring Be Far Behind?

When robins sing the vespers of the day,
And low-flung crimson fades along the west,
When warm night voices whisper winter's death,
And maples stand, in scarlet mantles dressed,
On rocky hills, and green pulls off the gray
Of barren boughs, and southern-scented breath
Comes back across the empty fields to say
That old-new, deathless word we call the spring,
'Tis then I fling all winter thoughts away
And let my heart with every robin sing.

—R. A. Teeter

The March wind whoops and hollers
And spills down tears of rain;
It must have bumped into a house
And is crying with the pain.

—Jean Mergard

The buds are folded tightly on the elm;
The snow holds fast beneath the hemlock tree;
Not yet the thin sweet songs of peepers rise,
The brooks run under ice down to the sea;
But, oh, at dawn I saw the wild geese fly,
So near that I could hear each beating wing,
And, with the flock, my faith was flying, too,
Faithful and sure, into the heart of spring.

—Beulah Fenderson Smith

Letters

ıneral Fees Are Wrong

MRS. ROBERT J. MAY
Moriah Center, N.Y.

God bless the Rev. Paul Worley for s notable article on fees for ministers anuary Powwow]. This has long en a phase of the ministry that has eded airing. . . .

Money for rendering the Christlike rvice of comforting grieving hearts is rong. Never is a man of God given a ore sacred task, with the opportunity r turning souls to Christ, than at the ne of death.

ıneral Fees Pay Income Tax

MARVIN KENNEDY, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
El Monte, Calif.

I feel about as two of the four minis-ial writers for TOGETHER did on the atter of fees, but until churches pay inisters more adequate salaries, our nds are tied. If it had not been for e funeral fees I would not have had ough money to pay my income tax d social security. And I am still three onths behind on my pension-fund yments.

Vants More Bible Pictures

W. J. MCKEE
Aurora, Ill.

The Story of Creation, watercolors Floyd A. Johnson, [December] is tstanding, especially for children. I owed it to my seven-year-old grand-ughter and she wanted to keep it as e read it over many times, and her ur-year-old sister wanted one also. I ould like to see a story from the ble in pictures in every issue to in-rest children.

grees, Santa's Overworked

IVA CONNER
Monterrey, N.L., Mexico

I agree with Grace Huck; Santa aus is overworked. Some children ve no other idea of Christmas than nta Claus . . . I think Santa might ell be omitted entirely from church Christmases, and de-emphasized from those of home and school. Let's put the "Christ" in Christmas.

She Votes for Santa

HAZEL FERN HOWARD
Sacramento, Calif.

God bless Webb Garrison for his vision and understanding of little people who believe in Santa Claus, from 3 to 73. I have always loved the old fellow and get as much joy out of the bewhiskered guy in department stores at Christmas as the tiny tots do.

The love he inspires in our hearts at Christmas is unique and adds to the joy of Christmas.

Calling All Svenskas

A. LEON PETERSON
Kingsburg, Calif.

In the article, *Smörgasbord at Algoma* [January], I find three consecutive errors. (Don't take my word for it; I am only a second-generation Swede.)

Potatis koru should read *korv,* or, more likely, *korf,* as the final v sound is often indicated by the letter f. *Fattigmand bakelser* should be *fattigman;* and *sur sild* should be *sill.*

Our Swedish is pretty limp admittedly—but we thought we'd dished up a pretty good smörgasbord feature. How about it, Minnesota?—EDS.

Salute to Robert E. Lee!

H. E. SPENCE
Durham, N.C.

I hate to put a fly in the gravy bowl by calling attention to what I consider an inexcusable blunder in . . . the *Methodist Almanack.* I have been observing church magazines, papers, etc. for 70 years and I have never seen the like of your publication. The articles are splendid, the humor clean and entrancing, the attitudes praiseworthy, the art superb. . . .

What's wrong with me? You use Carrie Nation, F.D.R., Mr. Lincoln, and others in your list of notables. On Robert E. Lee's birthday, Jan. 19, you

• *For your Church*
• *For your Alma Mater*

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CITY ZONE STATE

have a none-too-elegant proverb: "He that lieth down with dogs shall rise up with fleas." It does seem to me that a man who is loved and respected by 50 million people . . . as a Christian statesman, an educator of reknown, as well as one of the greatest generals ever to enter a battle, might have rated a little higher than the dogs and the fleas!

She Knew Jane Addams

Mrs. Priscilla Roesel
Eaton, Ohio

Karl Detzer's article, *Jane Addams of Hull House* [January], was interesting to me. . . .

I knew Jane Addams when she went up and down the alleys trying to get folks to use garbage cans and keep them covered. . . . We had no grass or trees, and I remember her trying to plant trees along the curbs, but the kids rooted them out as fast as she'd get them started. . . .

Boycott 'Red' Stamps?

John W. Duckwall
Hood River, Ore.

This is to suggest that on your hobby page you try to get your readers to boycott stamps not actually used for postage from all countries behind the Iron Curtain. Some dealers sell these stamps that have been canceled but still have the original gum on them. Also, some are sold as new stamps. Obviously these stamp sales directly benefit the Communist countries that issue them. They take advantage of it by issuing large numbers of beautiful stamps each year.

Stuffiness Isn't Saintliness

H. A. Critchett, *Pastor*
Denver, Colo.

How typical were the reactions of those who objected to the November [cover] mallards . . . Only those who have learned to see God in all his creation see in the strength of the wings of the waterfowl the reminder of the wings under which we can all take refuge.

We are too prone to mistake humor for irreligion, and stuffiness for saintliness. Your sane and fresh approach to life is stimulating, and I enjoy your fresh outlook on "the beauty of holiness."

Gobblers in Europe, 1532?

H. J. Brindle, Jr.
Chicago Heights, Ill.

In the picture of *Abraham and the Three Angels* by Martin Van Heemskerk [January, page 36], I was surprised to see a North American turkey on the canvas. I would suppose at this time, 1532, they were rather a European oddity and hardly the type of "animal" to be browsing around the countryside in Rome.

The turkey in Abraham's back yard.

I am not an art critic, just a curious but satisfied reader.

Encyclopaedia Britannica *says turkeys from America "were not introduced into Europe before 1530." So maybe Van Heemskerk did have a live model. But he let his imagination go a bit in having gobblers hobnob with ducks and a peacock in Abraham's back yard!*—Eds.

Dali's Christ . . . 'Impossible'

David T. Parkinson
Kansas City, Mo.

I wonder how anyone can attach religious or Christian interpretation to Dali's *Corpus Hypercubus* [January, page 2]. It is a fine rendition of a physically perfect, nude male body plastered against the end of one arm of a cross of cubes—an entirely impossible situation. There is no depiction of the suffering and anguish of the Christ, which is the only significance of the Crucifixion and the basis of all Christian faith. . . . To call it the Crucifixion should stir the indignation of the Christian public.

Swink a Methodist, Too

J. H. Jordan
Sanford, Me.

Thanks for a wonderful magazine for the whole family! It has a lot of life and vitality . . . and spirituality.

But one item surprised me. In the football article [December] by Fred Russell I was looking in vain for a good picture of Jim Swink, '55 All-American and '56 award winner. According

) *The Portland* (Me.) *Sunday Tele-ram* pictorial section, Jim Swink is a evout Methodist as well as a tremen-ous footballer.

Jim Swink attends Texas Christian Jniversity (Fort Worth), which is not Methodist-related school. Now, if nly he had elected to go to Southern Methodist (Dallas), Freddie Russell ould certainly have considered him or our All-Amercian, All-Methodist niversity team.—EDS.

Norman Rockwell Explains

JOHN N. KING
New York, N.Y.

In the November issue of TOGETHER here is a picture by Norman Rockwell. On page 30 there is a photograph of him painting the picture.

In the first picture there is a train outside the window; in the second picture there are people. Why?

We asked the artist. He writes:
"Mr. King has a good eye, and his question is interesting. As I was painting the picture I found the people outside made it too complicated. They kept coming inside and it made for confusion with the people inside. So I changed to the train. Changes of this kind often happen in the development of a picture."—EDS.

Gen. Romulo Sets Us Right

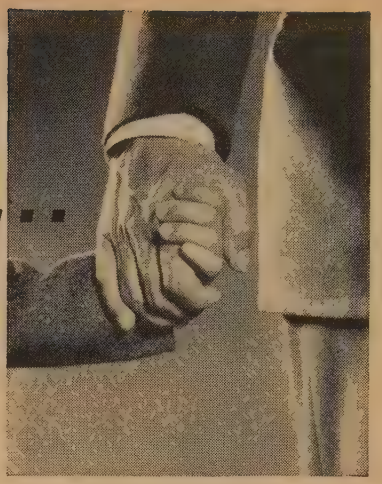
CARLOS P. ROMULO
Ambassador from the Philippines
Washington, D.C.

The photograph, accompanying my article in TOGETHER [December] is

"I'm the handsome guy . . ."

mislabeled. I refer to the snapshot showing a young member of the Camiling baseball team nonchalantly riding toward first base. I was on that team—played shortstop, in fact. But the

Security....



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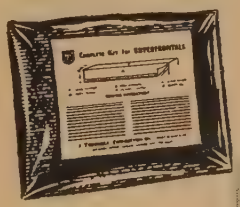

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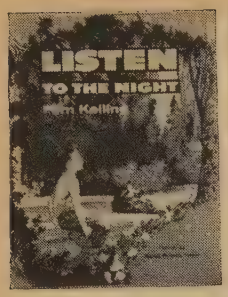

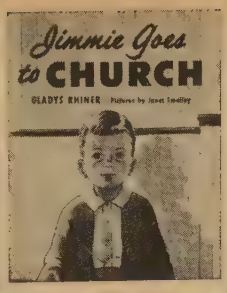

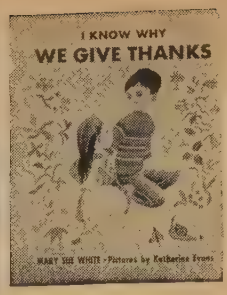

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Pictures by Katherine Evans

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recumbent lad is certainly someone else.

To show how I looked in those halcyon days I enclose a picture of the Romulo children (see page 5). The handsome guy to the right with his left arm akimbo is yours truly.

Re: The Wilson Case

ALLEN LAMBERT, *Pastor*
Canby Methodist Church
Canby, Ore.

The article by Erle Stanley Gardner [*The Case of the Missing Morals,* January,] was spoiled for me because: Attorney and mystery writer Gardner was chairman of a committee, suggested to Gov. Arthur B. Langlie of Washington, to investigate the famous and controversial case involving the death of Miss Joann Dewey. Turman and Utah Wilson were accused, convicted, and brutally hanged for her abduction and death.

The facts clearly indicate that Turman and Utah Wilson could not have been guilty because they were elsewhere when the crime was committed. This is established lawfully by the brilliant legal defense of the two brothers in the court record by six persons, then later by Mrs. Eva Adams, together with Orval Watts, as well as by the knowledge of a third person, also present in the Portland, Ore., Playhouse Theater where the two youths were at the exact time of the abduction of Miss Dewey . . .

Gardner had said in his report that Turman Wilson was guilty and that Utah was an accessory . . . So you will understand why we are very unhappy with Mr. Gardner.

This excerpt from Pastor Lambert's letter will remind readers that the Wilson case was "famous and controversial," as he notes. We also take this occasion to announce that a powwow on capital punishment is planned for a future issue of TOGETHER.—EDS.

Gardner Good for Grandchildren

MRS. MALINDA E. COPE
Barnesville, Ohio

I helped raise a family of six children and feel that *The Case of the Missing Morals* is an excellent standard by which to raise a family . . . I was raised by parents who disciplined their children for their good, and that they might be useful in the world, much as this article teaches, and I would like to have the article to hand to my grandchildren who are now raising families.

I am 81 years old (or young?) and am interested in the coming generations.

Together / NEWSLETTER

HREE ANCIENT RELIGIOUS FAITHS—Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam—are moving into Christian strongholds. Dormant for centuries, they now look at the U.S. as a prime mission target. Explains the Rev. Eugene L. Smith, Methodism's chief foreign-missions executive: "Nationalistic passions have awakened Asia's old loyalties and a determination to win political and religious initiative from the West."

RODUCTION OF A MAJOR FILM on Francis Asbury, first Methodist bishop in America, and on Methodism's early circuit-rider movement, will be explored by a special committee of the Television, Radio, and Film Commission.

ETHODISTS CONTRIBUTED $1,001,347 to aid Hungarian refugees and other victims of oppression, with more churches still to report. Bishop Frederick B. Newell made this announcement in mid-February at the National District Superintendents Conference in Chicago, attended by 570 of the nation's 572 DS's, 36 bishops, and scores of agency staff leaders. Praising the response, Bishop Newell said: "We are painfully aware of the difficulties in making wisest use of this money. We will attack the problem as intelligently as we can." Bishop Newell's own New York Area led the nation in contributions ($61,257).

ISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM, Washington, D.C., is making a satisfactory recovery from a major operation at Boston's Deaconess Hospital.

PEN HEARINGS on Methodism's controversial jurisdictional setup (five regional divisions and the Central Jurisdiction, an all-Negro grouping) will be conducted this fall by a special 70-member commission. Groups traveling to all parts of the U.S. will seek to determine whether the system is effective, and will give special attention to racial segregation. Their recommendations will be passed on to the 1960 General Conference.

ETHODIST LEADERS PAID SPECIAL TRIBUTE recently to Mrs. Walter William Fondren, Houston, Tex., widow of one of the four founders of the Humble Oil Co. Her gifts (some estimate $20 million) and years of leadership helped 10 institutions, including Southern Methodist University, Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, Southwestern University, Rice Institute, and the Texas Conference. Mrs. Fondren's response: "I'm grateful but undeserving. Why I'm chosen I'll never know . . . I've tried to stay in the background."

MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR Methodist theological school will be built on a 50-acre farm site three miles south of Delaware, Ohio, home of Ohio Wesleyan University. A joint committee unanimously recommended the location—one of 17 considered. Officials will now pick architects and a full-time director, begin building a faculty and student body (story, page 68).

(For more church news see page 65.)

Church Groups Raise Money Easily

Mrs. Harold Nance, wife of the minister of First Methodist Church in Dexter, Missouri, recommends this ideal fund-raising project:

Keepsake Plates

• picturing *your* church

"Everyone is pleased with them. Every home with a plate on the wall or table has a constant reminder of the church always before them." This was written to us by Mrs. Harold Nance, whose picture is shown above with the plate picturing her church and sold by her church group.

We are proud of the many letters we get from friends all over the nation. They tell us that these spiritual keepsakes sell themselves. They are wonderful for anniversaries, dedications, bazaars and to commemorate any special occasion. People like to give them for birthday, wedding and holiday gifts.

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'Anxiety Is Not Necessary'

by E. STANLEY JONES

Most of us waste time and energy meeting life's decisions. Here a great evangelist gives you the key to serene living.

Methodism's globe-girdling missionary, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, preaches along the streets of Vellore, India.

A FEW WEEKS ago, on a night flight to Orlando, Fla., my plane was delayed. It was 5 A.M. before I got to my room.

I had not slept for some 20 hours, yet just before getting into bed, I set about doing my regular bedtime exercises: push-ups, knee bends, hands-over-head—30 of each.

Perhaps such behavior was a bit strenuous for a man 73. But that is really not the point. Bedtime exercises are so much a part of my daily routine that I did them in Orlando *without debate*.

Most of us, I think, waste time and energy struggling with decisions to get things done. Actually, we can cultivate a routine to help us live energetic and worth-while lives.

Once a British major told me, "As a swimmer, I'm a dud. I'm much stronger than you and yet you swim better."

I told him, "You fight the water and struggle with it. I trust the water to hold me up. I relax."

A mental attitude—confidence—plays a large part in the physical skill of swimming. Project that thought a bit further and you have the central rule for an energetic life: let your whole being—body, mind, and spirit—work together in harmony.

Not long ago some scientists gave a group of athletes pills containing dextrose. At the same time a control group received similar but ineffective tablets. The athletes who took dextrose exceeded all their previous records. But so did those who merely *thought* they were getting stimulants. Clearly, any routine for producing energy should include more than physical training.

In Japan, a guest visiting in a home is greeted formally with the words, "You must be tired."

My response is always the same: "I am fresh in God." For I have found that if I allow myself

to say, "I'm tired," then I become tired, indeed!

In the same way, our physical natures can influence our minds and spirits. A middle-aged man can have the good life fattened right out of him until he becomes as stuffed and stuffy as his purse. We cannot hand the body over to the doctor, the mind to the psychiatrist, and the soul to the minister, treating each part of ourselves as separate. Life is a whole.

In India our Christian ashramas, or retreats, recognize this balance by including daily manual labor. Big businessmen, doctors, bishops work with their hands. My own job has long been to go around with a bag and sharp stick picking up papers. I recommend some manual labor each day, even for myself.

The same applies to mental labor. I carry a pocket-sized book almost everywhere; when a free moment presents itself, I'm prepared to read and think. In another pocket I carry a notebook. When an apt story or a new idea comes my way, I jot it down. Perhaps I can use that passing thought in writing a book or in telling a friend. The important thing is that I've forced my mind to do some creative work. When our human personalities cease to create, we crack and even grow tired of resting or doing nothing.

A WOMAN once told me, "I'm about to jell into the kind of woman I don't want to be." How could she avoid stagnation? By watching for ideas and challenging each one!

If physical and mental work is a necessary part of life's rhythm, so is recreation. I am fond of fly-fishing because it, like all true diversion, *adds* to life instead of subtracting. If we have to recover from any pastime—physically, mentally, or morally—it is false. Recreation should be re-creation.

Those are some of the ways we can energize our minds and bodies. But the spirit needs flexing, too. Without spiritual poise, we destroy our vitality in worry.

In the drought-ridden Southwest not long ago, a man asked a cowboy about some clouds in the sky. The cowboy looked up, shook his head, and replied, "They're just empties drifting by." Too many of us are spiritual empties. Indeed, the most frequent stain on the Christian soul is *emptiness*.

Yet we can be easily filled. The art of living is the art of receptivity, the ability to take God's resources as our own. To find an example, we need look no farther than a growing tree.

For human application of this art, we may consider Gandhi. In our astonishing 20th century, we have seen the discovery of two great sources of power: the atom and the *atma,* that word which in India means soul. Gandhi's soul-force changed the course of history; his demonstration is a major contribution to mankind. How did the Mahatma—the Great Soul—fill himself with spiritual vitality? Once I stayed with him at his famed ashrama. Each week he and his followers observed a day of silence, putting the spirit in order, practicing the art of receptivity.

"Don't try to do people good; love them." Such is the advice of the Indian poet, Tagore. It is an answer to the busy life of action without reflection. Our inner life sets straight our values and priorities. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God. . . ." If we get the first thing first, life will come out right. If not, nothing will.

Frances Ridley Havergal, who wrote so many beautiful hymns, once had such a bad temper that she would fall onto the floor with tantrums. She gained poise and good will by inwardly asking the Lord to dissolve her harsh feelings in his love. Then she brought her resentments up and out, talking to the person concerned and asking his forgiveness.

Doctors say that worriers have frail bodies, with measurably narrow chests. From a spiritual viewpoint, worry is even worse: we are sinfully saying that God is not to be trusted.

For the Christian, anxiety is so unnecessary. I have not had a blue hour of discouragement for 35 years. There have been moments of flitting disappointment, of course, but not for so much as an hour. My solution? When a large problem looms, I simply say, "Lord, I turn this over to you. Tell me what to do."

The secret is surrender, a willingness to forgo a selfish first choice. God's choice for us may differ from our own ambitions, but who are we to challenge it? The painter, Whistler, wanted to be a soldier; he took up the brush only when he failed at West Point. Walter Scott gave up his dream of being a poet when he could not equal Byron. Ashamed of being a novelist, he wrote anonymously—but he gave us *Ivanhoe*.

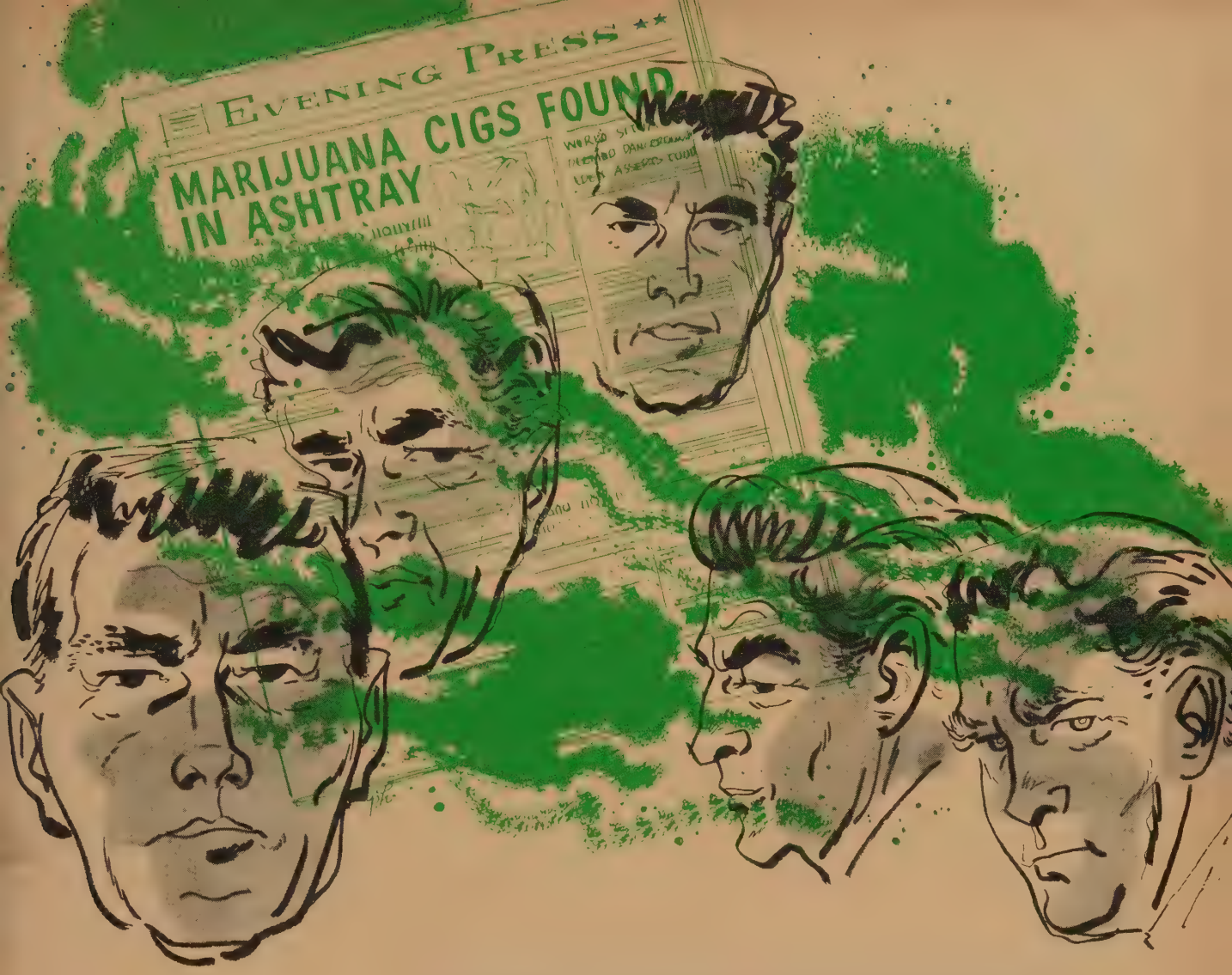
To discover and follow the Lord's plan for us, we need to exercise our souls. Each day I get up early to spend the pure, strong hours of the morning in a quiet time with God. It is then that I get my orders for the day.

This quiet time is as firm a habit as my nightly exercises; I have never had to decide to do it. That's an important point for someone still fixing this habit: to find an unvarying quiet time each day. A mother of small children might have to wait until her brood is off to school and the baby takes a nap, but no human creature is too busy to find a daily interval with God. We can always answer the phone and eat breakfast; our quiet time should be even more important.

NEXT, WE MUST PRAY—even if we don't feel like it, even if we must pray by the clock, even if our prayers are clumsy. A fashionable woman in Texas came to me with a problem; her home was breaking up. We prayed together, and I urged her to continue praying regularly. Later she admitted that she hadn't known how to pray—or thought not.

Her solution was to write a letter to God in the language of the country club. "Dear God," she wrote, "life has dealt me a very bad hand. Please show me which card to lead. Sincerely," and she signed her name. Her prayer was answered, her home saved. Today that woman speaks to church groups all over Texas as an authority on marriage problems.

We Christians are so fortunate. Our religion is piety set to music. The Christian who will use his soul has a hair-trigger laugh and an inner gaiety. His joy is an inside job. Within him is a harmony that unites mind, body, and spirit, and makes his energetic life worthwhile.



Thoughtlessly, yet lovingly, each of the five fathers was—

Bending the Sapling

By JUNE JOHNSON

THE HUGE interurban bus lumbered to a stop at Victoria and Crescent, and five men swung off. All wore the same worried, intense expression.

For shame and scandal had visited their quiet suburban street. Bob Roesster, son of their accountant-neighbor, had been caught in a stolen car. Marijuana cigarettes were found in an ash tray. The newspapers were full of it.

The five men knew the anguish that must be gnawing at the hearts of the Roessters, for they all had children. And they asked each other: *How did it happen? Why young Bob?*

Bob's background was at least as good as any of them could have provided. His parents were upright and good to their children. What had caused Bob to go wrong?

Chuck Conners shrugged off the serious matter as he carefully latched the front gate against their toddler's exploratory tendencies. Friday night, and a whole wonderful weekend with his family! He had a short business trip to make in the morning, but he'd take 10-year old Dan for company and they'd start early.

"Don't drive too fast, dear," admonished his wife as she kissed them good-by the next morning. "I won't," Chuck promised, winking at Dan.

Soon an open road stretched invitingly before them. With a laugh, Chuck threw off all the tensions and problems of the week and stepped on the gas . . . 60 . . . 75 . . . 90. He was too busy to see how narrowly he

missed a dog chasing a rabbit across the road. Pleasant dairy farms, each with the warning sign, "Cattle Crossing," fled past unheeded in a blur of green and red and white.

"Gosh, Dad," Dan gasped at last, "that sign said, 'Speed limit, 55 miles per hour.' What if a policeman catches us?"

"You be my cop-spotter," Chuck suggested with an easy grin.

Steve Bronson, too, forgot the Roesters' troubles as he stretched luxuriously in bed that Saturday morn. "Okay, Son," he answered young Jim's request for the loan of a tie. "Take the one your mother gave me for my birthday, if you like." And he chuckled to himself over his mild scheme to make it wear out twice as fast. "Work hard, now, and sell a lot of cars."

Jim, eager to earn a compliment from his dad, reported early to the used-car lot where he had been taken on recently as a Saturday extra. He grinned a "Good Morning" as his favorite teacher drew near the car he was industriously polishing.

"They told me I'd find you here," she said. "I'm going to get a car at last, and remembered you worked here."

"Thanks, Miss Hastings," Jim smiled proudly, his fingers crossing fervently in his trouser pocket.

Together they walked through the lot, while the young teacher compared colors and price and make. "There's a beauty," she said enthusiastically as they stood near the office. "I'd like to try that one."

Jim, mindful of the watchful eyes and listening ears of old "Big Hearted John" himself, agreed that it was indeed a beaut, and off they went on a test run, Miss Hastings at the wheel.

Once away from the lot, Jim turned to his teacher. He was blushing with embarrassment.

"I just can't sell you this car," he blurted out.

"Why Jim," Miss Hastings said in consternation, "why not?"

"Because it's been in a bad accident, that's why. Stop and I'll show you."

Jim pointed to the newly painted car bottom. "That's so you can't tell that the front fenders and axle are new," he explained. "The whole paint job has an undercoating to hide the wreck scars. It's just a heap."

Miss Hastings was worried. "It doesn't seem right to charge so much for a damaged car," she said, "and to make it look so beautifully new."

She was silent for a minute. "Jim, a nice boy like you shouldn't be working in such a place. Do your folks know about all this?"

Jim laughed. "Sure," he answered. "Mom says, 'Wel-l-l,' and Dad just says, 'There are tricks in every trade.' I guess he's right."

Over the bacon and eggs and Saturday's special popovers, Mike Peters listened to 11-year-old Mickey tell about the big subscription drive "his" paper was conducting. Mike, who was proud of his son's interest in his route, listened carefully.

"What sales technique are you using?" he asked, hiding a smile.

"Oh, the boss says to tell 'em all about how I'll get a trip to camp if I get 10 new subscriptions," the boy answered. "And he says to wear my oldest jeans."

Inspiration struck Mike. "I've got it," he exclaimed. "Tell 'em you have to have an eye operation. They'll think you need the money."

"That's right," Mike's wife agreed placidly. "You do have that little eye correction coming up soon.

"Mind you," she added, "if you aren't back by eleven, I shan't drop you off at the movies. I have a bridge luncheon today."

"Okay, Mom," Mickey promised as he sped away on his bike. And if most of his new subscribers wondered helplessly, after Mickey left, how they could possibly read another paper—except of course that the poor tyke did need it so—it wasn't Mickey's worry.

No loafing around at the Jack Ludwig home that Saturday morn! The twins, small for their age and golden as daffodils in the soft yellow suits that exactly matched their blonde hair, were being briefed in the short drive to the station.

"Now, remember, girls," Jack explained slowly, "you are 11, understand? And for heaven's sake, don't talk about being in high school."

"But, Dad," young Billy broke in, "our Sunday-school teacher says we shouldn't tell lies."

"Goodness, Billy," exclaimed their mother, the rush of getting off telling in the irritation in her voice, "we're not committing a major crime. It's just that we can save a lot of money this way."

Jack laughed. "Trust a kid to think of something like that," he said.

The Rivetto youngsters waited impatiently as they waved good-by first to Mr. Conners and Dan, then to all the Ludwigs. Their turn came at last, and they piled happily into the family car, bound for a park upriver.

They had a fine morning, Vic and Vi and all the little Rivettos. They played at the water's edge in the soft sand; they found clam shells and a few wild roses, and they swam in the sun-warmed waters.

Finally it came time to leave.

"Shall we pick up the pop bottles, Mom?" asked Fran.

"Don't bother, Honey," Vi answered carelessly. "It's not worth the trouble for the few cents we'd get."

The parents looked back at their picnic spot as they followed the children on the steep trail up the bank. Their eyes didn't see the litter of banana peels and bottles and papers they had left.

"We picked a pretty spot," Vi commented. Vic nodded absently.

The five men reassembled Monday morning at the bus stop. Their conversation returned to the terrible world their children were growing up into.

"I don't know." A worried frown creased Jack Ludwig's forehead. "Something's wrong. The youngsters just aren't being trained to be good citizens. Our standards are weakening somewhere. It must be the churches that are falling down."

"Or the schools," suggested Steve Bronson grimly. The others were inclined to agree. Of them all, only Vic Rivetto thought of the weekend just past. He knocked his pipe on the lamppost as the bus came into sight.

"Possibly we are a little lax, ourselves, in the example we set our youngsters," came his thoughtful voice as the bus roared to a stop.

Mike Peters clapped Vic on the shoulder as he followed him into the bus. "You think too much, Vic," he said jovially.

Smiling children crowd around the author on a visit to a Russian youth camp.

Young Russians Are Asking Questions

An American Methodist minister, back from three months inside Russia, says Soviet youths may force changes behind the Iron Curtain.

By VIRGIL A. KRAFT

THE scene is a Russian elementary schoolroom about 10 years ago. The teacher is telling the children there is no God.

"Just to prove it," she says, "pray for God to give you some candy."

The children bow their heads. When they look up, there is no candy.

"Now close your eyes and pray to Papa Stalin."

While the children pray with closed eyes, the teacher spreads candy on the table before them.

"Now you see. There is no God!"

Some 22,000 of those children are now taking advanced courses at Moscow's skyscraper university. They are being paid to go to school. The quality of their education, particularly in science and engineering, is as good as any in the world. Russian youth are intelligent, healthy, ambitious—but they do not believe in God. Over and over again, since kindergarten, atheistic propaganda has been drilled into each of them.

I saw the effects of this indoctrination last summer on a three months' tour of the Soviet Union and I now believe that although the students of Russia are a godless lot, there is a gleam of hope—they are beginning to ask questions. They now seem to be starting to think for themselves.

This came home to me one pleasant afternoon last July as I sat on the beach at Yalta with six Russian students, three boys and three girls, about 20 years old. The setting sun was beginning to darken the waters of the Black Sea as our conversation turned to religion.

"I don't believe it," said one of the Russian girls. "You can't really be religious!"

I had told them I am a Methodist preacher. And if you have ever looked into the face of a person who thinks he has seen a ghost, you can visualize the stunned silence as the students looked for the first time at a real live preacher from a capitalistic country. But this passed and the faces became friendly and inquisitive again. I had hoped for this, because I wanted to know as much about them as they wanted to know about me.

This was typical of many conversations I had with Russian youth during my tour as one of 21 Americans, including a state senator, educators, businessmen, newspapermen, and religious leaders. During our tour behind the Iron Curtain we were free to go anywhere, talk to anyone, or take pictures to our heart's content.

"Suppose in 10 years your country is able to provide an abundance of everything that people want," I said. "And suppose no one needs to work more than two days a week. What do you think the people should do with themselves?"

"Travel," one boy suggested.

"Study," another young Russian student answered.

One of the girls became thoughtful. She looked out across shimmering water and a beach that looked something like America on a summer afternoon.

"I think they should do whatever would make them happy," she said finally. The others nodded.

"In other words," I said, "for you, the purpose of life is happiness."

"Yes—as long as one person's happiness does not interfere with the happiness of others."

"Then happiness really is the purpose of life for you, isn't it? In which case, wouldn't it be wiser to leave human beings undeveloped, because the more educated and the more civilized man becomes the more sensitive he is to ugliness and pain!"

One boy saw the trap and backed out quickly: "But real happiness is not simply bliss. Real happiness is wearing yourself out building something."

"But what's the purpose of building something?"

"So that more people can enjoy life!"

"That brings us back to happiness, doesn't it?"

"In a sense I guess it does. But it's a special kind of happiness—it must come with work."

"In other words, the purpose of life is to build houses, but not to enjoy living in them," I continued. "If the only legitimate happiness is to be obtained through building, then really there is no goal. We must climb a mountain that has no top, for the moment we reach a top we quit climbing. And when we quit climbing, we lose the essential joy of living."

For a moment no one spoke. And then one of the girls looked at me with serious eyes and asked: "What do you think the purpose of life is?"

"This may surprise you," I replied, "but I think I agree with you—if you will admit there is good work and bad work; that good work is determined by how it affects the highest value in the universe—human life."

"That is exactly what we believe," replied the girl, and everyone nodded.

"But I thought in your Soviet system, the State is the highest value."

"As a means only," said one of the boys. "Sometimes we hope we won't even need the state."

"Do you mean to say that if ever the State conducts itself in such a way as to be a hindrance to the development of human life, it should be changed or eliminated?"

"Absolutely!"

"That's right!"

These answers came without hesitation—and I have thought of them often during recent months as I read newspaper accounts of increasing student resistance to the old-line pattern of thinking in Russia. But I hid my amazement at this apparent reversal of what I had thought was a Communist dogma. And I asked them if they believed man had a spiritual nature which should be developed.

"Of course," they answered, almost in unison.

"Does this mean you think people need religion?"

All the students burst into laughter. "Religion doesn't have anything to do with it," one of the boys replied. "The spiritual side of man includes his feelings, his will, his attitudes, and his reverence for life. These qualities can be developed much better without making people superstitious and fearful. . . ."

"Do you think believing in God makes people superstitious and fearful?"

"Certainly, because there is no God! That's why it is easy for priests to manufacture all kinds of fanciful beliefs to keep the people afraid and coming back to them."

"Would it surprise you if I told you that I am not afraid, that I am scientific, and that I consider myself religious!"

They just couldn't believe me. But they listened intently and asked many questions as I described my faith in detail. The students were quiet and serious as I concluded:

"Real religion is looking at the whole universe and acknowledging the Intelligence that is in it, and then becoming dedicated to what this Intelligence prefers."

The girl who had laughed was the first to speak.

"This is all very interesting and sensible. But you don't call this religion, do you? Doesn't religion have to have a priest or something?"

The sun already had sunk behind the mountains of the Crimea, and the Black Sea was becoming foggy with the descending night.

Then I said, attempting to answer the girl's question: "No, real religion does not need a priest. Real religion needs only people with honest minds and humble hearts, people who are willing to look at the full truth of life and unite in a common allegiance to it. If this leads them into a study of great religious leaders, like Jesus of Nazareth, and into the fellowship of people who believe that Jesus represents what the highest power in the universe is like . . . and what man himself can become . . . they should not hesitate to make the study or to join the fellowship. By so doing they will be true scientists, unafraid of truth. And above all, they will be guided in the building of a society which will not crumble."

It was dark when we left the beach. The students left me at my hotel.

Our tour lasted from June into August. Everywhere we went we were greeted with open arms—and endless questions not only from students but from people in the streets.

Russians who had never seen an American peered over shoulders, trying to elbow their way to the center, asking for someone to interpret my answers. Once, when I was besieged for two hours by a large crowd, I was escorted to a park bench where the questioning continued. When one of the men in the crowd lit a cigarette and the smoke drifted in my direction, several people spoke to him quietly—and he threw the freshly-lit cigarette away.

Everywhere I saw the youth of Russia—bright, questioning boys and girls about whom the Kremlin is so concerned. Perhaps "worried" is a better word. For although these boys and girls have been educated at state expense, they are apathetic toward the old ways. They aren't the banner-waving crusaders their fathers were. They are smart. They know that waving banners and marching in parades won't build houses or grow corn.

I stood one afternoon in front of a large open-air stage with a crowd of students. On the stage was a popular singer trying to teach them a new

ong glorifying the achievements of he new society. The singer was at-ractive and vivacious, but despite all f her efforts and her feminine harm, she couldn't get one student —no, not one—to sing that kind of ong. As I looked around those faces —so like those of the six students on he beach—I realized more than ever hat Russia's new generation intends o go on asking questions; that this eneration is forcing a change behind he Iron Curtain; that Russian youth lon't want to communize the world o much as they want houses, auto-nobiles, and refrigerators.

While in Russia, I visited several hurches. There is no Methodist Church there—so I was invited to preach in Stalingrad's Baptist church, n invitation I was glad to accept.

My sermon that morning was "Peace Through Christ," and the voman who translated my English nto Russian was a confirmed atheist. But she gave an accurate translation f everything I said, according to hose who understood both English nd Russian.

The church was crowded. People tood in the aisles and were lined up utside the church. As I preached, I noticed many elderly people weeping. Some who attended that day, I earned, were not members of the hurch. They came because they had eard an American would preach.

Wherever churches are open in Russia, they are jam-packed with people at every service. There are at east 40 Russian Orthodox churches pen in Moscow, where constant rocessions of mothers with infants ome for baptismal services. The people, whether religious or atheistic, ppear to have little interest in anti-eligious museums which have been et up to ridicule the church. In fact, he Kremlin has taken down many f the anti-religion posters at these nuseums and has placed them in the asements.

At one service I attended in Mos-ow's Baptist church, the pastor spoke n the H-bomb. "There is a power reater than the hydrogen bomb," he leclared. "It is the power of love."

But the message of Christianity eldom reaches the young people. The nly hope lies in the fact that their ninds are beginning to inquire. They ave seen Stalin set up as a god, then legraded into the tyrant he really was. I doubt if these youngsters can be duped again!

It occurs to me that we should send hundreds of tourists to Russia—tourists who are intelligent Christians and know how to talk with people. I am convinced that Christianity with all of its power to soften hard hearts and open closed minds, with its power to establish justice and freedom and abundance for all, could be flourishing inside Russia in another generation—or maybe even sooner.

Atheists all, these Russian students at Yalta asked the author questions about his religion.

Our Christian tourists would very seldom lack an audience. During my three months in Russia, it seems I was surrounded by one continuous crowd of curious Russians.

The students at Yalta were somewhat different from most Russians we met in the streets. Yalta is a choice summer resort for the best workers, the most loyal Soviet citizens, as well as the most brilliant students.

Eventually this new generation will have something to say about Russia. Unlike the generations who submitted to the Bolsheviks and who stood helpless while Stalin trampled them into their own mud, they are educated and curious and very restless. To be sure, another war—or even the threat of war—could rush them back into the arms of tyranny again. But as long as there is peace, they will make three strong demands: They will demand disarmament and peace; they will demand prosperity, and they will demand more freedom.

Meanwhile, we face the cold fact of Russia's irreligious young people who think they know what religion is and who repudiate it. They are godless—this is the end the Kremlin sought. But this end is also a beginning. Once these young, serious-minded patrons of science have a chance to learn what real religion is, I am convinced they will respect it and accept it and then promote it.

They do not hate the church. They ridicule it. What was once religion in Russia is just about dead. The few churches which remain open are crowded, but crowded mostly by old people and peasants. The Kremlin hopes that, with the passing of the older generation, there will be no more churches open anywhere across that broad and dreary land.

I recall the night I stood outside a church in Leningrad. I turned to a young Russian who stood beside me.

"Have you ever been inside?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "One night I was curious, so I went in."

"Have you ever gone back?"

"Yes," he replied. "Every once in a while, because . . . well, I like the music."

AN AFTERNOON WITH ROBERT FROST

BY ARTHUR S. HARRIS, JR.

WHAT SORT of man is Robert Frost?

Not long ago, I went to see him at Amherst College in Amherst, Mass., where he is a beloved Poet in Residence. Every fall and spring he spends a month or more there.

I had not seen him since my college days, almost 20 years ago. Then he had been a man far away on the platform, vigorous, just 65, with a powerful frame and deep-set eyes glinting playfully at us as he read poems his audience always wanted to hear: *The Birches, The Death of the Hired Man, Mending Wall.* The memory came back to me when I heard his twangy, New England voice over the telephone.

"You come after lunch sometime," he said with chatty informality. "I like to sleep late mornings."

So after lunch I was there—at the Lord Jeffrey Inn in Amherst. The 82-year-old poet has no real duties now, except an occasional lecture. The stooped, white-haired man is a familiar figure about the campus. Sometimes he drops in on baseball games or fraternity gatherings.

With spring, he moves up to Dartmouth, then on to a writers' conference or two. Come fall, he works his way south again to Miami, lecturing and giving readings at schools and colleges on the way. As one of his friends pointed out, Frost spent his early years running away from colleges; he left both Dartmouth and Harvard without a degree. But now he is heavy with honors.

A venerable 82, the poet Frost shows a hint of the fragility of age—but noble age, indeed.

He greeted me in a reception room, then said his own room would be better, for we could talk undisturbed. I followed him along the carpeted hallway through doors which we alternately held open for each other, down to his sunny apartment overlooking the Amherst Inn's garden.

Frost seated himself comfortably, then turned to me smiling. Beneath the handsome face there is a hint of the fragility of age—but noble age, indeed!

I switched on my tape recorder for the interview. But I soon learned you don't "interview" Robert Frost. He is too humble to sit on an Olympian throne and answer questions. And at 82, he is still so keenly interested in others that skillfully he manages to turn the conversation to you!

Does he still write?

"Well, I guess now I'm more of a full-time poet than just about anybody," he observed. "I live by poetry entirely. I do what the ancient bards did: I wander around doin' some reading—a good deal like the old troubadour's life, that sort of thing. I've earned my living at it for the last 40 years. Still at it."

What were some recollections of the early years? "You once taught yourself?" I asked.

The big man with the heavy, knuckled hands nodded and answered in a deep, throaty voice that filled the sunny sitting room.

"I taught a little in schools," Frost told me, "at Pinkerton Academy. For four years I taught about everything there. I taught some Latin, I taught English, I taught some solid geometry. They took me in—having seen some of my poetry—somebody did, and thought I could come in there substituting. I was farming down the road, chickens and things. They saw I wasn't doing any harm, so they let me teach a little more. And then they began to pile it on and I quit."

Sturdy independence in the soul of this New Englander!

I recalled his teaching days in Derry, N. H. No harm done there, either! Once the state superintendent of schools, Henry C. Morrison, visited Frost's classroom and summed up Frost thus: "He was neither raising his voice nor cutting up any pedagogical monkeyshines. Rather, he was talking to his class as he might to a group of friends around his own fireside. But he had them as few other teachers ever do get them."

As he talked, Frost's blue eyes glittered under heavy brows.

"But I had no degrees, you know. And I've never had any desire for a degree. I couldn't go anywhere teaching."

For a man with no degrees, Frost did all right—lecturer and Resident

A YOUNG BIRCH

The birch begins to crack its outer sheath
Of baby green and show the white beneath,
As whosoever likes the young and slight
May well have noticed. Soon entirely white
To double day and cut in half the dark
It will stand forth, entirely white in bark,
And nothing but the top a leafy green—
The only native tree that dares to lean,
Relying on its beauty, to the air.
(Less brave perhaps than trusting are the fair.)
And someone reminiscent will recall
How once in cutting brush along the wall
He spared it from the number of the slain,
At first to be no bigger than a cane,
And then no bigger than a fishing pole,
But now at last so obvious a bole
The most efficient help you ever hired
Would know that it was there to be admired,
And zeal would not be thanked that cut it down
When you were reading books or out of town.
It was a thing of beauty and was sent
To live its life out as an ornament.

TWO FAVORITES
by Robert Frost

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

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Poet at the University of Michigan, Dartmouth, Harvard, Amherst; four-times Pulitzer-prize winner, a world's record, incidentally; all sorts of honorary degrees. The critic, Mark Van Doren, hailed him as "a poet of and for the world." He had even confounded a few academicians, who were reluctant to take some of his simpler poems at face value and insisted on "explicating" them.

The aging poet recalled this experience with relish.

Once the word got around that Frost was more than a "nature poet," more than just a rural New Englander who loved to write about old stone walls and cow pastures in the first flood of springtime. Before long, the critics began to put some pretty erudite interpretations on Frost's homey poems.

There was the poem, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. It tells the simple story of a man and a horse headed home on a snowy evening. The man stops his horse a moment to watch the snow falling in the white woods. Then, because it is late and he has a distance to go, he moves on.

But the critics wouldn't have it so simple!

The farmer-poet leaned forward and scoffed. "All that it means," he explained, "is that the fellow wanted to go home."

That trait more than any other, I think, explains our greatest poet. No degrees! No falderal in his classroom. No pretense in his poetry.

We visited, and the reels of tape piled up beside the recorder—"Frostisms" dry, direct, deliberate.

On American education: "They're talking now about more and more television, as if books were about over! Pictures, pictures, pictures! Might just as well have education by comic strips."

On conscience: "Live by your own judgment of what's right for you—what's the *noble* thing to do."

On poetry: "You see, I don't ever look at poetry as knowledge. To me it's just pure performance, and all this knowledge stuff is incidental."

I packed up my tape recorder, shook the hand of a great and simple man. "I'll be wandering, maybe your way, like a troubadour come spring. Come, talk with me again," he waved good-by.

"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Teens Together with An Ex-Teen-Ager

Q *I am 14, an only child. I have a boy friend. I see him every day at school. We have grown up together in our church. We do not say we are in love, but we think a lot of each other. I don't ask permission to have dates with him; I just want permission to be friends.*—M.M.

A It is natural for girls your age to like boys. But it is hard for older folks to understand. Young people today are developing faster than their parents developed, both physically and emotionally. Your parents remember how they were at your age. They expect you to be relatively childlike.

Probably your friendship is all right. It will be a poor friendship if you do unwise things. The two of you should set out to prove to the grownups that you are responsible, capable, wise teen-agers.

Don't continually bring up the subject of your friendship. Just demonstrate your maturity. Your folks will catch on.

Q *My closest friend and I are high-school seniors. The principal won't give my pal a diploma unless he changes his ways. He gets good grades, but messes around in class. He cracks wise at teachers, skips classes, and has a haircut adults dislike. Our principal says he is "not a good citizen." Therefore, he won't get a diploma. Shouldn't he graduate?*—L.A.

A He still has time to show he has the qualities needed for graduation. Most educators agree that a high-school diploma involves more than the mastering of certain studies. It also requires a demonstration of good citizenship. Your principal is right. Persuade your friend to behave himself.

Q *At 14, I've been dating three different boys. Each wants to go steady. I have too much fun to think of going steady. Besides, my parents wouldn't let me. Will it be all right for me to keep dating the three?*—J.T.

A Yes. Most girls aren't so fortunate as you are.

Q *I'm worried about my kid sister, 15. She has been going with a secret club interested in hypnotism. One boy has taken private lessons. He put my sister in a trance. Had her walking on her hands and knees, barking like a dog. Is this safe?*—F.C.

A No. She should not fool around with hypnotism. Go to your folks about it. In the hands of qualified specialists, hypnotism has real value. But in the hands of an unskilled boy it is dangerous!

Q *I am a boy and disgusted with my twin sister. Every time I do anything wrong she runs to our mother. Usually I get scolded. Is there any way to make her change? All I ask is for her to stop criticizing me.*—A.K.

A There never has been a family in which brothers and sisters lived together without quarrels. You can reduce the disagreements, but don't expect to eliminate them. Try to be fair and see her side. Avoid irritating her by staying out of her way; do not answer back. Talk with your parents about your troubles.

When things get rough, ask for a family conference—gather together in the living room and ask them to help solve your difficulties. Hold your temper; give your sister time to tell her side. Then try to work out some reasonable compromises.

Q *I'm a girl almost 13. I like a boy, but I can't get him to warm up. Is something wrong with me? Or with the boys in my school?*—R.F.

A Probably nothing is wrong either way. Girls grow up faster than boys. In some ways you are a year or two ahead of the fellows in your classes. They aren't interested in girls—but they will be later.

Q *I went with a boy until last June. I now am 18. In September, starting college, he had a breakdown and was sent to a sanitarium. The doctors said he had "typical schizophrenia." He recovered quickly and is starting college again this semester. How can I help him?*—R.U.

A Schizophrenia is the most common mental illness among young people. Most teen-agers recover, but usually need interviews with psychiatrists for a while. Treat him as you would any friend who had been sick and recovered. Welcome him back, but don't overdo

Until 12:30 P.M.

by ROY L. SMITH

DR. ALAN WALKER, the courageous and beloved Australian evangelist, offered a discerning comment on contemporary church life in the United States.

"As I have observed the matter," he said, "the American people have revised the Sabbath commandment to make it read, 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy until about 12:30 on Sunday afternoon.' "

When pressed for an explanation, he went on to say, "Your churches are generally filled on Sunday morning, but as soon as the benediction is pronounced you turn secular. You go off on picnics, arrange dinner parties, attend the games or the pictures, and live precisely as you would on any holiday."

Now Dr. Walker would be the first to admit that such a generalization needs some qualification, or even amendment. But the rest of us will have to admit he has voiced a very serious warning.

The problem of Sabbath observance is a very old one. For many generations preachers have been asked: "Is it right to do this, or to do that, on Sunday?" As though there were one list of things right and permissible on the Sabbath, and another list of things wrong, forbidden, or sinful.

But "keeping the Sabbath" is not as simple as that. Identical acts may have different spiritual aspects.

There is more than a clew to the problem in the form in which the commandment was given to mankind. According to the Old Testament story of Creation, God rested on the Sabbath day, and there was developed a popular belief that Sunday is a day of rest.

There is much truth in that concept, of course, but the Sabbath was not designed as a day of rest. Rather, it was set apart as a day for concentrating attention to the cultivation of one's own soul.

There is a great deal of difference between a day designed for letting down and one set apart for toning up. But for millions of Americans, Sunday has become a day for downgrading.

At least some of this feeling results from a mistaken opinion concerning church attendance. A family may say, for example, that they appreciate the early service "because we can go to church at nine o'clock and then have the rest of the day to ourselves to do as we please." What they really mean is that, having discharged their religious "duty" and having presented themselves for an hour at the house of God, they have done all that the Almighty has any right to expect of them. Thereafter they can turn with clear conscience to merry-making.

For Christians, the acid test of any Sunday activity is very simple: *"Does it increase my sense of reverence and leave me with any of the sense of holiness?*

Any Christian who will spend the Sabbath day in the cultivation of spiritual sensitivity, in examining the week past in the light of the will of God and the week ahead in terms of the purposes of God, will *discover that he has rested.*

it. Avoid reference to his illness unless he brings it up. Continue to be his friend.

Q *I'm 18, eloped at 16. My husband was 21 then. Our baby boy was born on my 17th birthday. My husband loves me and I love him, but not as strongly as I did. He expects me to stay home every evening. He will not go to dances or parties. I don't go to church any more, though I still belong. I want to have more fun! Must a married teen-ager act as if she were old?*—L.S.

A When you married, you assumed a responsibility beyond your years. When your baby was born, you assumed even more responsibility. It is normal for you to want excitement, but you can't act like a teen-ager. You have a baby to think of and an obligation to your husband. Your mistake was in marrying so soon.

By all means, return to church. Have your husband go with you. Join together in church activities.

Q *I'm a girl of 15, but feel much older. I have been secretly seeing a boy of 22. He wants me to run away and get married. Should I try to stop seeing him?*—J.B.

A Stop seeing him. You are too young to think of marriage. Read the question just before this one.

Q *I like to ski on Saturdays. My friends ski Sunday afternoons. My grandparents say it is wrong to ski on Sundays, but my friends say it is all right. My parents tell me to let my conscience be my guide. What shall I do?*—A.A.

A Ideas about appropriate Sunday activities are changing rapidly. Talk with your minister, then with your folks again. I'm sure you can work out a sound conclusion.

●

TEEN-AGERS: *Having problems? Dr. Barbour is ready to help you with them. He is head of the San Diego public-school system's counseling department and has had long experience meeting the kind of problems that bother you. Write to Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

Fun on the Water

Practice makes perfect—so it's not strange Gulfport MYF members can whip up pyramids like this.

DOWN IN Gulfport, Miss., where sun and water are warm almost year-round, MYF-ers of the First Methodist Church are winning renown for their skill in an unusual form of group activity—water skiing. A dozen of them tried out the sport five years ago; now the Bayou Ski Club of which they are the core has 180 participants, ranging in age from 7 to 60-plus. Even the pastor, the Rev. Clyde H. Gunn, is becoming as much at home zooming behind a speedboat as preaching in the pulpit.

The club was the brain child of Bob Smith, then teacher of the eighth-grade Sunday-school class and a former college skier. Included among members are beginners, advanced skiers—who can wear the club's big "M," and the top-flight skiers who compete in tournaments. In this group are some who took second-place honors at a national water-skiing tourney—where Gulfporters were responsible for introduction of Sunday worship services for all competitors. The club's aim is expressed in its vow, repeated at its "hand-stack" ceremonies—"in recreation and in life, our best."

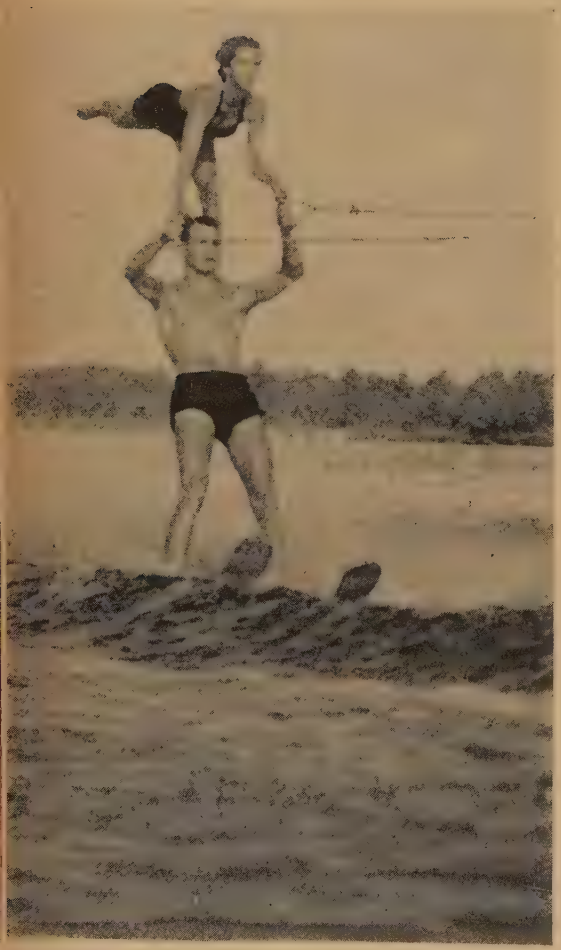
Intermediates repeat club's vow at a "hand-stack" ceremony. Members must play their part in all activities, exemplify Christian sportsmanship, before they can win their big "M" letter.

BAYOU SKI CLUB
of
Gulfport First Methodist Church

Certificate of Recognition Youth Night

Name Carol Scott Carlson

Certificate of recognition stresses benefits to youth of "clean, active, challenging sports" in leisure hours.



Like the killiloo bird that always flies backward because it wants to see where it's been, this MYF-er races full speed astern. Think it's easy? Try it!

Form like this is the reason the young people are winning high honors in regional and national tournaments against topflight competition.

Dry-land practice session for a mixed-doubles team under the watchful eyes of Director Bob Smith, right, and Harold Hill, center. Church is proud of the many honors its doubles teams have taken.

The first step is the big one—to "get up" on the board. Visiting preachers who can master the art, as this young lad has done, win a certificate.

"Graduating" seniors are given send-off. Juniors place traditional four-corner caps on seniors' heads. Next year it's their turn.

Should the United Nations

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Long log-jammed in UN councils, this explosive issue has snarled the world agency's workings, often threatened to bring them to a halt. Key prize in Peiping's eyes: the Security Council seat now held by Nationalist China. Here, from an American Senator and an Asiatic who heads his nation's UN delegation, you get both sides.

YES

R. S. S. GUNEWARDENE *of Ceylon, Ambassador and UN Delegation Chairman.*

"Permanent peace in the Far Eastern area can never be ensured except by" admitting Peiping to the UN.

THE RECOGNITION by the United Nations of the Chinese Peoples Republic as the *de facto* government of China and Peiping's assumption of the seat now occupied by the Chinese Nationalists on the Security Council and in the Assembly are a political inevitability.

China represents one of the oldest civilizations in the world, a people with a glorious history. The United Nations cannot effectively discuss problems relating to the maintenance of peace, disarmament, atomic energy, human rights, and stabilization in the Far East with 500,000,000 Chinese who hold the balance of power in the Pacific shut out of the deliberations. It cannot ignore the voice of two thirds of the people of the world whose governments wish to have Communist China present in the United Nations' forums.

The whole world knows that the Communists at Peiping are firmly entrenched. The regime has been in existence for years. It has an enviable record of progress. For the first time in decades there is peace on the Chinese mainland; for the first time there is no internecine warfare between one war lord and another; for the first time bribery and corruption have been removed; for the first time there is beginning to be freedom from dirt and squalor, even from flies, in China.

Today 33 nations have diplomatic relations with the new China. At least 62 nations of the world trade with the Chinese mainland, despite an attempted blockade and boycott. Most of these nations maintain close contact with the Chinese government, and some of them are among the great powers. If China is not to be touched in the United Nations, is not good enough to be admitted to representation, how is it that she is fit to trade with and be recognized diplomatically?

I want to make it plain that I represent a country, Ceylon, a member of the Commonwealth of Nations, which holds no brief for Communism. The fact that we favor admitting Red China to the United Nations, that we recognize it diplomatically and seek to trade with it, does not mean we approve its system of government.

Ceylon heartily disapproves of the systems of government that obtain in Communist regions. We recognized Nationalist China. But practical wisdom comes and we face facts. Ceylon believes in friendship with all countries of the world. We disagree very strongly with the political ideology of many countries and certainly with the political and economic theories of Soviet Russia, Communist China, and the satellite countries. We believe in an entirely different system. We believe in the government that is best for us, and we believe that each country has a right to decide what government suits it.

Furthermore, we do not have the slightest quarrel or grievance with Nationalist China, or the United States, or any other government large or small which does not recognize Red China. That is a sovereign right which a country exercises in accordance with its likes and dislikes. One is not called upon, in the United States, to have diplomatic relations with all countries. But I would respectfully point out that the United States has diplomatic relations with Hungary and Romania and certain other states. Where is the nice distinction? Why are those countries admitted to the United Nations and Communist China and Outer Mongolia barred?

The pertinent issues in respect to Peiping's enseatment on the Security Council and the Assembly, and the various other organs of the United Nations in which she might be concerned, are contained in the Charter. China,

Admit Red China?

as a country, is already in the United Nations. There is only one China; on this both Formosa and Peiping are agreed. That China is a great power, a charter member of the United Nations and is entitled to a permanent seat on the Security Council. Those seats are now filled by Nationalist China's representatives, who speak for some 10,000,000 people on Formosa and a few millions more Chinese living outside Communist China. The question is: Does Formosa, or Peiping, which rules over a half-billion souls, speak for the Chinese people?

Much has been made of the claim that Peiping does not represent China, because it was not installed through "free elections"; that the Formosa regime does speak for the Chinese, because it was the last freely elected government. How many countries, members of the United Nations, have governments which are the result of free elections? My country believes in democracy; it is pledged to democracy. We have universal suffrage, and every man and woman is entitled to vote. Nearly 80 per cent of the people go to the polls. We believe in free elections. So do many other UN members.

But there are some countries which we and others do not regard as democratic under our definition of the term, countries whose governments we recognize and do business with. There are various types of political ideologies represented in the United Nations.

The United Nations is not an exclusive club; its membership is not selective; admission cannot be restricted to those we like or those whose political ideologies or economic philosophies we approve. It must reflect the world as it is; it must reflect the various systems of government that exist and take cognizance of their problems. Otherwise, there is no purpose for the organization's existence.

The fact that the Soviet Union does not have free elections has not deprived it of the right to sit on the Security Council; the fact that Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Ukrainian SSR and others have no free suffrage has not mitigated against their being members of the United Nations. Only a year ago Hungary, Albania, Romania, and Bulgaria, where they have no free elections, were admitted to memberships. Yet Communist China and Outer Mongolia were barred. Why?

At the recent Assembly, when certain big powers blocked Peiping's admission by the simple expedient of striking the question from the agenda, the argument was advanced that Communist China was unfit for membership because of "atrocities" allegedly committed some six or seven years ago. Everyone condemns atrocities, before and after they occur.

Red China has been branded as an "aggressor" by the United Nations. But I would like to ask: "Why is not one standard applied to all members of the United Nations? How many countries have come to the United Nations with clean hands? Were there not atrocities during World War II in very important countries? Have not atrocities been committed in Egypt, in the Near East, in Israel, in Hungary, and other places by countries with whom we have dealings in the United Nations?"

What if Red China has been guilty of atrocities? Six years have passed since Peiping first applied for admission. I do not know of any atrocities committed by its government during that time. There is peace across the Formosa Straits; there is no war in North Korea. If Communist China offers a threat to Nationalist China or Korea, that is their lookout, and their friends'.

We believe that permanent peace in the Far Eastern area can never be ensured except by bringing Communist China right into the UN fold where it can be made answerable for its acts.

Then there is the question of "guilt by association." Red China is charged with having "condoned" the actions of Soviet Russia in Hungary. We in Ceylon do not believe in the principle of guilt by association. Because Soviet Russia did something diabolical in Hungary, an act which the United Nations and world opinion overwhelmingly condemned, does that make China, a Communist state, a co-agitator with the Soviets or a participant of those black deeds?

THE UNITED Kingdom and France committed open aggression in Egypt. So did Israel. They were condemned by the United Nations Assembly and obliged to withdraw their forces from Egyptian territory. Yet they were not expelled from the United Nations, nor even ostracized before they had made atonement. They continue to be "recognized"; they continue as members in good standing; the world trades with them, maintains diplomatic relations.

But should Ceylon, for example, a member of the Commonwealth, be tarred with the same brush as Great Britain? If a friend of Soviet Russia, a country which has the same political concepts as the USSR, has not done any dark deeds to talk about, is that a reason why it should be drawn along with Russia? A person or a nation should be judged for what he or it is. The fact that Soviet

The six "principal organs" of the UN.

Russia or Great Britain committed grave deeds, deeds which have been denounced, does not make Russia's or Britain's friends—or associates—responsible.

Stripping the question of Red China's admission to the United Nations of all more or less irrelevant issues, the points that are of real consequence are: "Is the Communist regime the real government of China? Is the Peiping regime able and willing to discharge the responsibilities of membership in the United Nations?"

As to the first item: Today we have some 80 countries which are members of the United Nations. At least 33 countries recognize, *de facto* or *de jure,* the Chinese Peoples Republic and its government. I think that it is undisputed that for the past seven years Peiping has exercised, unchallenged, all the duties and prerogatives incumbent upon it. Its authority has been unquestioned; it has been accepted by the majority of the Chinese people; it is firmly entrenched and has a record of political progress. Despite boycott and blockade of the mainland, some 62 countries trade with Red China.

I would like to quote from a statement made at the last assembly by the Rt. Hon. Krishna Menon, Indian delegate, who referred to the thesis enunciated by John Foster Dulles, secretary of state. In 1950 Mr. Dulles said: "I have come to believe that the United Nations will best serve the cause of peace if its Assembly is representative of what the world actually is and not merely representative of the parts we like. . . . Therefore, we ought to be willing that all nations should be members without attempting to appraise expressly those that are good and those that are bad. Already that distinction is obfuscated by the present membership of the United Nations."

Mr. Dulles then continued to say that "if the Communist government of China, in fact, proves its ability to govern China without serious domestic resistance, it, too, should be admitted to the United Nations."

I would also like to call attention to resolutions adopted at two recent international conferences, conferences held in the Far East and attended by representatives of nations which comprise two thirds of the population of the world. The Colombo Power Conference was called at the initiative of the prime minister of Ceylon, a man who is certainly one of the greatest enemies of Communism. That conference was attended by Burma, Ceylon, India, Indonesia and Pakistan, all members of the United Nations. It unanimously declared that the continued nonrecognition of Communist China "increases the tension in the Far East and is a constant threat to peace."

Again, at the Bandung Conference of 29 nations, including Red China, where the voice of representatives of nearly a billion of the world's peoples was heard, the same view was expressed, namely, "that peace in the Far Eastern area can never be ensured except by recognition of Communist China and bringing it into the orbit of the United Nations fold."

There were no greater supporters of the principles of the Charter at the Bandung Conference than the members of the Chinese delegation. If the views officially expressed there by Peiping's representatives can be taken at face value, there is reason to believe that Red China has every intention of conforming to the principles and practices of the Charter if and when it is admitted to the United Nations.

NO

WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND, *United States Senator.*

"Red China . . . was established by, and still exists on, a force alien to China."

AS A DELEGATE to the recent Assembly, I heard it said that if only Red China were at the United Nations, it would be easier to deal with its government and reach settlements on controversial issues that affect the Pacific. But has the presence of the USSR or of Communist Poland and Hungary, or the other satellites lessened international tensions or resulted in easy adjustments, on equitable and decent terms, of outstanding problems? The answer is no!

The question of whether the United Nations should be a body which would represent all governments of the world, good, bad, or indifferent, was settled at San Francisco. There it was decided that membership should be on a selective basis.

The Charter says the organization welcomes "peace-loving states which accept the obligations of the present charter, and which, in the judgment of the organization, are willing to carry out these obligations."

The preamble also lays down the obligation of a member "to establish conditions under which justice and the respect for obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained." Respect for human rights is imperative. Red China meets none of these conditions. It was established by, and still exists on, outside force, a force alien to China.

I even heard that Red China's presence in the United Nations would contribute to a rift between Peiping and Moscow, that it would hasten the spread of "Titoism" and puncture the Communist dream of world domination. The Russians do not seem to fear any such eventual-

ity. The exact opposite would more likely be the result. Association on the Security Council of the United Nations would knit closer the bonds between Moscow and Peiping. Two vetoes instead of one would be pitted against the already weakened entente of free-world countries. The raucous propaganda voice of the Sino-Russian bloc, with the fortissmo of the satellite nations, might completely drown out the voices of the democracies in the world's foremost debating forum.

We hear constantly advanced the argument that the Chinese Peoples Republic government in Peiping is "firmly established," that it is the *de facto* government on the Chinese mainland. That Mao Tse-tung and his Moscow minions are "established" might be admitted. But their very existence, militarily, economically, and ideologically, rests upon Russian Communist support.

Red China came into power on Soviet-supplied arms; its economy was and is bolstered by Soviet technicians; its army is Communist trained, directed, and equipped. Its purges have been Soviet inspired. If Soviet Communist influence and pressure and support were withdrawn from Red China today, you would see in Asia a reflection of what happened in Hungary.

We also hear much about "trade with China." Though there are some 500 million Chinese, the importance of the "vast Chinese market" has been greatly exaggerated. Trade depends not on numbers, but entirely upon a people's ability to buy and consume and to trade on reasonable terms. Communist China is bankrupt. Under the Red regime of confiscation, forced labor, five-year plans, and communistic economy, the nation has become impoverished rather than prosperous, when compared with Asiatic free nations.

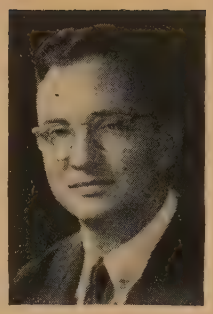
What trade there was, and is, is oriented toward Soviet Russia. One needs only to note the disastrous result of Britain's experience commercially with Red China. Not only have Britons had to get out of China, but they have had to pay dearly for the privilege.

From best available sources I learn that China's exportable surplus is about $4 billions. Eighty per cent of this is firmly committed to Soviet Russia and her satellites. China's entire soya-bean surplus, for example, is allotted to Communist countries. All Manchuria's iron ore is earmarked for domestic consumption while the 100 million tons' surplus of low-grade Hainan ore goes to Poland for processing.

Frankly speaking, the chief things that Communist China would try to export to the United States—and other democracies—would be opium, heroin, and the products of some 25,000,000 slave laborers. In return, she would demand heavy machinery, machine tools, and other supplies to build up her war machine, to be eventually used against non-Communistic countries.

Apropos the export of narcotics from Red China, Dr. Harry J. Anslinger, who for 27 years has been U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics, testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee that Red China's annual production of opium, from which heroin is derived, is today about 6,000 tons. Production before the Communist conquest of the mainland was approximately 2,000 tons annually. Dr. Anslinger estimated that Peiping profits to the extent of $60 millions yearly from illegally exported narcotics. That is one commodity the free nations can well do without.

What About Christians In China?



By EUGENE L. SMITH,

General Secretary, Methodist Board of Missions

CHRISTIANITY has been planted in China four times. Three times it has been wiped out. Will it survive this time?

The Church in China is alive today. In some areas it is growing. Its people are hungry for contact with Christians in the West.

There are perhaps four million Chinese Christians under Chinese rule. Nearly one million are Protestants, and about one hundred thousand are Methodists. Taiwan (Formosa) today numbers 80,000 Christians, about six hundred of whom are Methodists. Both Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek are very active and loyal Methodists. On that strategic island Methodism confronts rich and challenging opportunities for Christian service.

But how do Chinese Christians on the mainland carry on today?

In earlier centuries, when missionaries left, the Church died. Missionaries began their forced departure from China about seven years ago, but congregations still worship; seminaries are full.

Reports as to the persecution of the Church differ greatly. Anglican Bishop K. H. Ting of Nanking insists that he does not know of any person killed or imprisoned for being a Christian. We know, however, that many were killed and imprisoned on charges of being friendly to the West.

Communist governments have usually been more concerned with controlling the Church than with destroying it. How much the Church in China has freedom to be the Church is an important question. We do not know the real content of the teaching in the seminaries, in church schools, in youth programs. Communists insist there is freedom of worship, but say little about freedom for the pulpit.

There seem to have been in Red China serious spiritual losses. The denunciation meetings with Christians denouncing Christians, the insidious pressures of ruthless propaganda, the thought control in so many areas of life—these have had influence upon the Church that cannot yet be measured.

What of the future? The re-establishment of relations with mainland Chinese Christians may be near—but how near we cannot predict. Certainly, they will be very sensitive to being treated in all things as equals. They probably will not wish to accept any help in funds or personnel unless they can offer equivalent aid to the Church in the United States. We face a new era and period of testing in China.

Another export of China, which democracies will have no use for, is "slave labor." According to documented data on file with the United Nations, 22 million Chinese now work in slave camps. According to ex-Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, 1.5 million slave laborers have been "leased like machine tools to other Communist governments and shipped to Russia, Poland, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia in bill-of-lading consignments like cattle." The Peiping government, not these workers, is paid for their services in war munitions, tools, and heavy industry.

Should we ever reach a point in international morality where we would try to "buy" trade with Red China at the price of recognition of an evil regime or advocacy of its admission to the United Nations, should we ever compromise our ideals and principles to the extent of sacrificing our friends in Asia to the Red Moloch, we would deserve the only reward we would surely get—payment in counterfeit coin.

Who really represents the Chinese people today: Mao Tse-tung at Peiping or the Nationalist government at Taiwan [Formosa]?

The 10 millions on Formosa and the exiles in Hong Kong and elsewhere live under conditions of their own choosing, perhaps not ideal but nevertheless preferable. On Formosa are found a democratic government, a relatively high standard of living, personal liberty, and respect for human dignity.

On the mainland half a billion people exist under a brutal dictatorship which admits it has "liquidated" 20 million "liberals, intellectuals, capitalists, landowners, reactionaries, and critics-of-the-state" since 1949. These millions exist under a regime which, again to quote ex-Ambassador Grew who knows the Far East well, "has no morals, no ethics, no compunctions, and no visible international controls."

The Chinese Nationalist government on Formosa, which sits in the United Nations as representative of the Chinese, was the last government of China freely elected by the people. No elections have been permitted on the Chinese mainland since the Reds seized power.

Of the 21,000 Chinese "volunteers" taken prisoners by the United Nations' forces in the Korean War, 14,000—or two-thirds—when given a chance to return to their Red homeland or go to Nationalist China, chose freedom on Formosa.

Today, according to the High Commissioner for Refugees of the United Nations, more than one million Chinese who have escaped from Mao's China prefer living in hovels and shacks in the slums of Hong Kong to returning, as they are constantly importuned to do, to the Communist mainland.

What would the answer be for half a billion Chinese civilians and peasants if they were asked what they preferred? One needs only to look toward Hungary for an answer.

Communist China flaunted the authority of the United Nations and an overwhelming world opinion by making war against Korea, upon which country it sought, at the urging of Soviet Russia, to impose a Communist regime. It was branded as an aggressor by the Security Council and Assembly. Even India, which now champions Mao's cause, and Britain, Sweden, and others which have recognized Red China joined in the condemnation. Red Chinese troops killed 33,629 American soldiers, sailors, and marines, and thousands of young men from 16 countries which rallied to the support of the United Nations. To say nothing of the millions of Koreans slain.

The conviction of Red China still stands in the United Nations. She has not acknowledged her guilt, atoned for her crime, or sought to remove the stigma of aggressor. She has not offered to make amends, or reform her ways. Instead, she seeks approval of her acts: of her lack of international morality; of her flaunting of international decency; of her outrageous treatment of prisoners of war and foreigners—many missionaries who were devoting their lives to China's welfare; of her contempt for law and justice.

Furthermore, Red China has publicly approved (while the United Nations, including India, condemned) the brutal suppression by Soviet troops of the Hungarian workers' revolt.

Red China—and her friends—now ask that the United Nations forgive and forget, that they abandon Nationalist China and the 10 millions on Formosa to Peiping's tender mercies, that we accept as a matter of internal domestic concern the final liquidation of the bastion of liberty off the coast of Asia, that we permit to be extinguished the hopes for liberation that burn brightly on Taiwan.

Both the Republican and Democratic party platforms in the 1956 elections carried strong statements against admission of Red China to the United Nations.

Both houses of Congress, in joint resolutions, have six times (every year since 1951) opposed recognition of Red China or its entry into the world organization in which we have a veto. More than one million Americans have signed petitions indicating solidarity on the issue.

What are the real reasons behind Red China's—and Moscow's—drive to seat Peiping in the United Nations, and incidentally unseat the representation of Nationalist China? And to obtain a *de facto* if not *de jure* recognition from Washington?

They want international approval of what they have done to China; they want a reversal, at the bar of world opinion, of Red China's conviction as an aggressor by the United Nations; they want to cloak their past, present, and future deeds in a garb of international respectability; they want to prove to millions of Asiatics that they can shoot their way into the United Nations, that they can force countries which they have flouted to make peace with them on their own terms. They are asking—through recognition of Peiping—the withdrawal of recognition of this nation's ally in World War II, the government of the Republic of China.

The existence of the dictatorship in Peiping is one thing; to grant it recognition, and a seat in the United Nations, is quite another. The Red dictators of China want approval by the world, through admission to the United Nations, on their acts in the past, their present policies, and a free hand in their future conduct in international affairs.

We must not compromise for expediency. We must remember the admonition in Second Corinthians: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. For what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion has light with darkness?"

THE LAST LEAF

By O. HENRY

"After the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind . . . there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf."

AT THE TOP of a squatty, three-story brick in Greenwich Village, Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine, the other from California. They had found their tastes in art, chicory salad, and sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the "colony," touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the East Side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places" in the Village.

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch windowpanes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in—let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. The way people have of lining up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She—she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint?—bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice—a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man

worth—but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession, I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves, I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her."

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horse-show riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting—counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine" and then "eight" and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house 20 feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed halfway up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

READER'S CHOICE

It was written long before penicillin outmoded pneumonia—but the pathos of *The Last Leaf* makes it one of O. Henry's most remembered stories today. Here it is condensed from *The Trimmed Lamp*, copyright 1905, by Doubleday and Co., Inc. We share it with you at the suggestion of Betty Wrigley, Marion, Ind., to whom we've just sent a $25 check.

If you have a favorite article or short story to "nominate," send the title, author, source, and date, to Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were—let's see exactly what he said—he said the chances were ten to one! Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing."

Johnsy kept her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past 60 and had a Michelangelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress' robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except, now and then, a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not afford to pay the price of a professional.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for 25 years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old—old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I vill not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For

half an hour I haf been trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

WHEN SUE awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning, she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily, Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some 20 feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow. "Think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now—no; bring me a hand mirror first."

An hour later, she said,

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing, you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is—some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him, but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and—look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew?

"Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

A Prayer

to make your own

Oscar Wilde,
English Author
1856-1900

COME down, O Christ,
and help me!
Reach thy hand,
For I am drowning in
a stormier sea
Than Simon on the Lake
of Galilee:

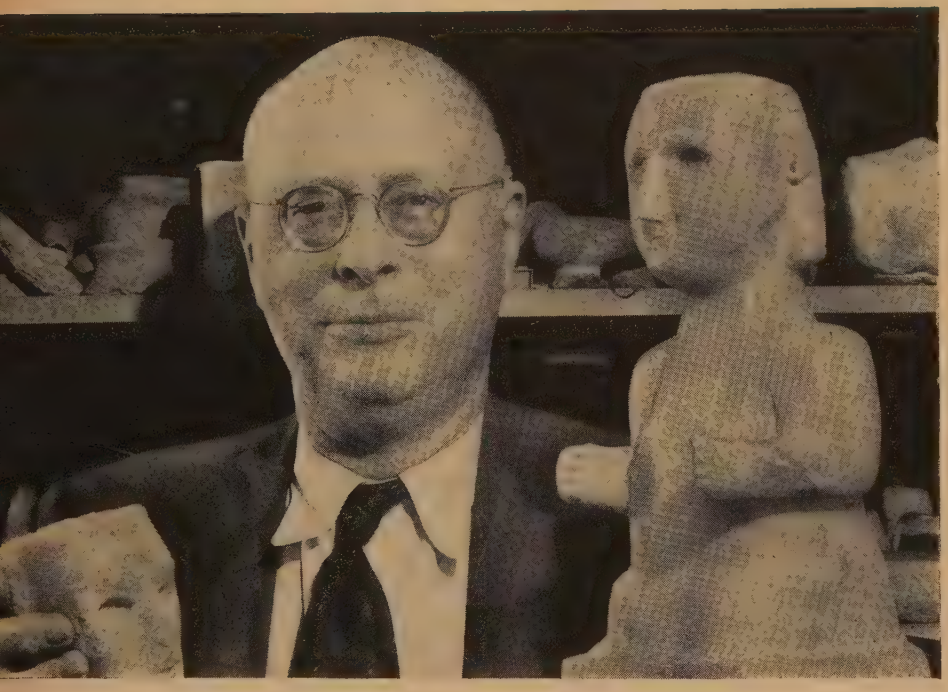
THE wine of life is spilt
upon the sand,
My heart is as some
famine-murdered land
Whence all good things
have perished
utterly,

AND well I know my soul
in Hell must lie
If I this night before
God's throne should stand.
"He sleeps perchance, or
rideth to the chase,
Like Baal, when his prophets
howled that name
From morn to noon
on Carmel's
smitten height."

NAY, peace, I shall behold
before the night,
The feet of brass,
the robe more white
than flame,
The wounded hands,
the weary
human face.

From scholars to beauty queens, you find Methodists in all walks of life the world over. As a sample, meet these five

Unusual Methodists

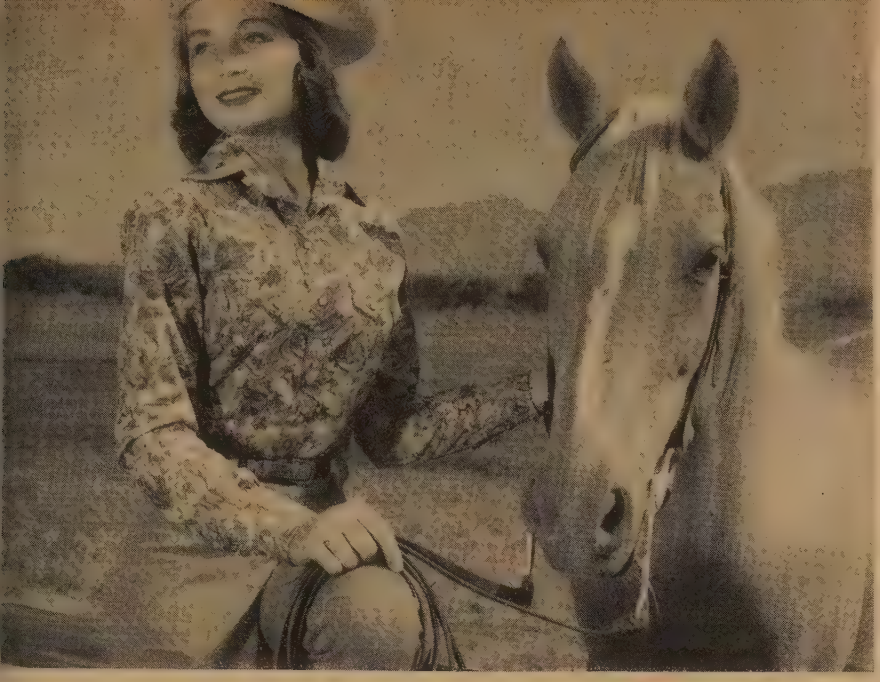


WILLIAM ALBRIGHT . . . once learned a language in two weeks.

BIBLICAL DIGGER. Once, William Albright was an itinerant farmhand who "rode the rods" from job to job. Today, he is head of the Oriental Seminary at Johns Hopkins, a devout Methodist archaeologist whose finds have contributed much to our knowledge of Biblical history. One of the top experts on the Dead Sea Scrolls, he speaks 25 languages —once learned Swedish in two weeks just to read a source book in the original. He lectures in ecclesiastical Latin to Jesuit priests studying Catholic theology, next year will work at a Jewish seminary—writing a definitive history of Israel.

TARBELL . . . no cowboy, but swings a mean rope.

WILY WIZARD. Members of Chicago Temple know Dr. Harlan Tarbell as a quiet, pious man indistinguishable from hundreds of others who worship there. But audiences and fellow magicians around the world know him differently—as one of today's outstanding mentalists and teachers of magic. He is a familiar artist in every state and many foreign countries, regularly baffles admirers by such feats as driving a car blindfolded through heavy traffic and predicting big news events in advance. Holder of six degrees, he is descended from a long line of Methodists, is a student of religions.



BARBARA HILGENBERG . . . beauty with time for the church.

CHURCH BELLES. Out in Tucson, Ariz., First Methodist is probably the only church in the U.S. with two beauty queens: Barbara Hilgenberg, Miss Arizona of '56, and Lynn Freyse, Miss Arizona of '57, are active members. Barbara, 19 and brunette, placed fourth in the Miss America contest last year, now is attending college on the scholarship she won. Active in community affairs, with special interest in polio work, she is listed as the first U.S. high-school student to receive her Salk shot when the vaccine was distributed for high-school use last fall. Lynn, 19-year-old blonde, is the daughter of Bill Freyse, artist who draws Major Hoople (see right) and other well-known characters in Gene Ahern's comic strip *Room and Board*. Lynn is active in relief work among migrants, is queen, too, of a drive to aid the blind. For both girls, one rule: no matter how busy they are, there's always time for their church.

MAJOR HOOPLE and LYNN FREYSE.

WILLIAM TUBMAN . . . won 244,000 to 1,000.

PIVOT MAN. Russia has her eyes on Africa. And one of the key men blocking her path is a leading Methodist layman—William Tubman, 60-year-old statesman now serving his third term as president of Liberia. His last re-election was by the thumping margin of 244,000 to 1,000. Son of a Methodist minister, he was educated in Methodist mission schools and is a close friend of the U.S. His governmental papers, like Lincoln's, are enriched with Biblical references; despite pressure of his duties, he amazes visitors by recalling verbatim the meaty passages from scores of sermons he heard long ago.

Through the spectrum and its colors man can peer into the very heart of matter—even on the remotest star.

By Donald Culross Peattie

Rainbows at Work

THE STORM has rumbled away; the air tingles freshly; the slanting sunlight strikes fire in every lingering drop till the whole world glitters like a crystal chandelier alight, and a heavenly radiance spreads through the last of the trailing shower. That's the moment to look for a rainbow.

And there in a perfect arc it stretches, bright against the dark, retreating clouds. There curves high the spectrum, that immortal band of colors which, united, make up a ray of everyday sunshine. It is the rain, of course, which has shattered that light into this sudden miracle. And it is through study of the rainbow that men have been coming nearer to the fabled pot of gold at the end of it. For the spectrum has become a tool of industry, a weapon against crime, an instrument in the hands of the physician.

From the time of Aristotle, some of the world's great intellects have not despised to go chasing rainbows. And any of us can learn more about them just by looking, next time this sign in the sky appears.

You'll find that the most brilliant bow is seen when the sun is directly behind you and the rain is falling in large drops before you. (A drizzle of fine drops doesn't make such a glorious bow.) It gleams against the quarter of the sky opposite the sun, seeming to span a great section of earth in an iridescent bridge.

Yet in truth a rainbow is not just an arc, but a complete circle; the horizon cuts off from sight all but part of it. The biggest bows are seen early in the morning or late in the afternoon; near the middle of the day the bow is entirely below the horizon and thus invisible. But from a plane you can sometimes see the whole circle, a crown of glory on the clouds below.

In any shower you are seeing your rainbow in a different part of the sky from that in which your friend a mile away beholds it. Indeed, he is seeing quite a separate bow. For the shower has in it not one but an infinity of rainbows. No two people come upon this symbol of happiness in exactly the same place--and you can find a moral in that, if you like!

You can see rainbows on a smaller scale whenever sunshine falls on the spray of a waterfall or fountain. Why? Just what is a rainbow?

Let's see what happens when sunlight falls upon drops of water. Sunlight is a chord of colors, and just as the notes in a musical chord reach us together but each on its own wave length of sound, so the colors in light travel from the sun on different wave lengths. When this band of colors, united into a light ray, strikes a transparent obstacle like the prism on a chandelier or a raindrop, it breaks up into all its components—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. When you see a rainbow, you see the refracted and reflected sunlight from millions of raindrops. You see the violet reflected from drops at lower altitude than those that reflect the red, and the other colors are reflected from the drops in between. This is the vivid primary bow.

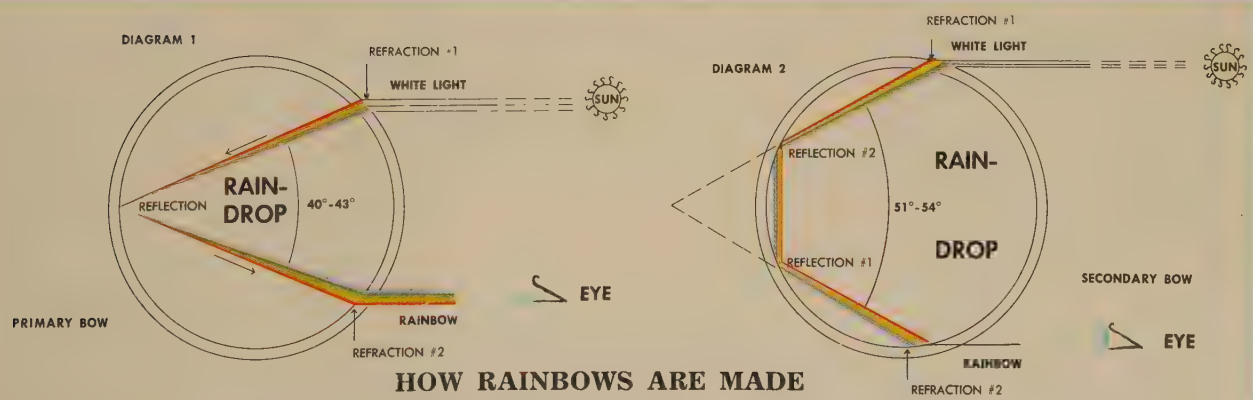
You may also glimpse a second bow higher and fainter in the sky, caused by a different legerdemain of reflection, elaborate in the physicist's explanation, yet easy to see as a smile. No wonder the ancient Greeks thought the rainbow a bridge for a heavenly messenger to pass over. And that, in Genesis 9:13, the Lord declares, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."

Sir Isaac Newton was the first to catch a rainbow for study. In 1666, working with a prism and a slit of light in a dark room, he explored the spectrum, trying to break it down into further colors. But the human eye can detect no more than the faithful band that always appears in the rainbow.

Much later, a young German perceived something new. Joseph von Fraunhofer was literally blown into his life work. He was a 14-year-old apprentice to a Munich glazier when, in July of 1801, an explosion destroyed the shop and everyone in it save himself. The Elector of Bavaria, seeing the lad extricated from the ruins, presented him with 18 ducats, and with his fund Fraunhofer began some optical investigations of limitless importance.

In 1814 he discovered that the spectrum cast through a prism by light from the sun has in it curious dark

High over the Black Hills, a double rainbow shimmers in the South Dakota sky.



HOW RAINBOWS ARE MADE

When light rays from the sun strike raindrops, the drops act as prisms, bending the light at different angles. This breaks each ray into its colored components — red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. These are reflected off the inside wall of each drop and emerge to form the ordinary primary rainbow (diagram 1).

Sometimes a secondary bow is formed above the primary (above photo) by light rays bouncing *twice* off the inside surfaces of drops (diagram 2). These diagrams are simplified as if you see all colors of the rainbow from each drop. Actually the colored rays are scattered when bent so you see only one color from each drop.

A rainbow adds beauty to Yosemite's Bridal Veil Falls. *A placid stream mirrors an unusual double rainbow.*

lines not visible in the rainbow. Though he had no inkling of their meaning, science rightly honors him by calling them "Fraunhofer's lines." For soon a man with only one good eye—he had nearly lost the other in chemical experiments—saw farther: Robert Wilhelm von Bunsen, who invented the ubiquitous little gas burner of school chemistry labs.

In his work he was joined by the mathematician and physicist, Gustav Kirchhoff, and together these two in 1859 gave to the world the key to one of nature's great secrets, since laid bare by science: the amazing fact that every element of which earth, sun, and stars are composed (they are the same ones) can be recognized, through spectrum analysis, by its own unique and characteristic pattern of dark or bright lines. You might say that we can now fingerprint the entire universe.

The material to be examined is made incandescent, and its light is then passed through a spectroscope—an instrument that does in a very precise way what the raindrop does so crudely, shattering light into color. The spectrum pattern so revealed is distinct for every element. And each one shows, in the band of colors, its own arrangement of those lines which Fraunhofer mapped. Lithium, for instance, shows an especially bright line in the red part of the spectrum. Sodium shows two extra lines bright in the yellow part. Iron betrays its presence by 4,757 lines scattered throughout the color band.

Thus, with the aid of a spectroscope, modern man

Thundering Niagara
throws a triumphant arc
across Rainbow Bridge.

Born of shower, colored by sun,
a summer rainbow lifts her jewelled arm
high above a city's skyline.

can unfailingly pick out any element, in an alloy in his hand or in a star many light-years away. In the astronomical laboratory he can perceive what atoms are being torn apart a quadrillion miles away, and even learn, by their displacement, whether the star is rushing toward our solar system or off into limitless night. Or, studying an imprisoned ray from Mars, he can warn the hopeful space cadet that one could not breathe unaided on that oxygen-deficient planet.

Coming down to earth, many an article in daily use has been tested by the spectroscope before it was put on sale. And many a blunder has been caught by that rainbow eye. When a film manufacturer found fogged film repeatedly coming out of his plant, he took it to the spectroscope, which told him the fog was caused by mercury. One of the workers used a hair lotion con-

Heaven builds a colorful span over the lush summer green of a Canadian countryside.

At right, a rainbow's ancient promise hangs on a summer shower in the Golden West.

taining this element, and some of it got on his hands.

Like a captured fairy pressed into service, the color band in the instrument tells if there are harmful gases in city smog. In factories where dangerous and volatile materials are used, it keeps watch on the degree of air pollution. Steel companies check their processes constantly with the spectroscope. It tests a leaf for phosphorus or manganese, to find what is needed by the soil from which it sprang. It identifies the paint on the fender of a hit-and-run car, the mud from the heel of a thief, the blood on a murderer's clothing.

Free and elusive still, your private rainbow shimmers in your garden spray. And beyond it other light waves dance on, out of sight. For in the God-given rays we call light, the visible spectrum is like just one octave of notes in the middle of the piano keyboard. On each side of this octave stretch other tones, high and low.

So with the waves in light. The red rays in light have long wave lengths, and where the red in the spectrum darkens into black, the waves go on, though the human retina cannot pick them up. This territory beyond the red is called infra-red; you have probably felt the comforting warmth of its waves from a heat lamp. Beyond the infra-ray the wave lengths increase, to the length of your finger nail and longer, till we reach waves so long they are fully 30 miles from crest to crest. And though these are on the same enormous spectrum as the little rainbow, we pick them up in our radios, which convert them into sound.

In the other direction, where the short and choppy

The immensities of the Grand Canyon are dwarfed by heaven's iridescent bow.

waves of blue in the rainbow pass into violet and seem to our poor eyes to die away in dark, the ultraviolet rays begin. These are the ones that give you a tan in summer. As they shorten more, farther on, they pass into X rays, marvelous fingers that search through very flesh.

Shorter yet than the X rays are the gamma rays, such as are emitted by radium or during atomic reactions. Deadly in quantity, they can—carefully used—destroy the wildly erupting cells of cancer. These gamma rays, so short they are one-billionth the length of your little fingernail, represent the farthest part of the spectrum on the midnight-black frontier of the unknown. Mankind may yet find some of its greatest discoveries at the end of the rainbow.

Would you adopt a teen-ager? We did and we learned to love . . .

Together in the Home

Our Temporary Daughter

BY MARIE WYNNE CLARK

THE GIRL glared at me sullenly, hen followed without a word when I nvited her into the house. It was a ense moment for both of us: for me, ny first look at a prospective daugh- er; for her, yet another foster mother.

It is never easy to take a stranger in- o a family, but when the welfare vorker had asked us personally if we vould take a child, we had said weak- y that we would try it. Our friends iad hinted that we were soft, both in ieart and head, when we agreed to ake an adolescent—the most difficult f children.

The girl, Jodeen, had no traceable dult relatives. Her seven years of fos- er-home care had left much to be de- ired, due partly to poor placing, part- y to the girl's refusal to co-operate.

Jodeen was well developed for a 15- ear-old; in fact, she had a figure any voman would envy. Her eyes were a ery dark brown and her complexion lear, but there her attractiveness nded. Her unkept hair had been bleached, her teeth were dark and dis- olored, and her whole mouth seemed o be caving in.

Her attitude at the beginning of our get-acquainted interview didn't indi- ate any overwhelming desire to move n with us. "What are you taking in chool, Jodeen?" brought forth a numbled, "I forget."

"Well, who are your teachers?"

"I disremember."

"Do you think you'd like living here vith us?"

"I dunno. It don't matter nohow. f they say stay, I stay."

"Oh, no, you don't, Jodeen! Mrs. Long said you were to decide after ve got to know each other."

"Maybe that's what she tole you— t ain't what she tole me. How many kids you got? Any other welfare?"

"We have three, and they aren't wel- are."

"You mean I'd be all alone? Last place I was in had 12. I s'pose you'd vant me to baby-sit all the time."

"No, I'm home all day and you ouldn't very well baby-sit and go to chool, anyway. I won't expect any nore of you than I would of my own daughter if she were your age. This isn't a work home. You're supposed to become part of our family."

My answer was a skeptical glance.

"Who do I have to bunk with?"

"You'll have your own room. Would you like to see it?"

"Okay, I guess."

I thought the room was quite attractive; at least I'd tried to make it inviting with ruffles and gay colors. Her comment: "Okay, I seen it."

So we trudged back downstairs again. She appeared to be thinking deeply, and finally asked:

"What about my boy friend? He don't like me to sit home much. He don't go to school no more and we like to go out and have ourselves a ball—you know, live it up."

About this time I was getting a bit fed up. So I let go.

"If, and I say if, we decide that we want you to come and be part of our family, you will behave just as our own children are expected to do. You may date if we have met and approved the boy and know where you are going. Our rules are simple enough: no cutting school, all homework done on time, room kept neat, and you must be dependable and obedient and wear a smile.

"That's the deal, take it or leave it. It's your decision."

Evidently this was language she understood. She brightened and "allowed how" she'd give it a try.

The problems were many. Her life had been utterly different from anything we had ever known. Asking Jodeen how she felt about anything was useless. She was like a clam. I had to rely on what comments she volunteered, which were few. And her questions were endless.

"How come your kids mind when you don't never beat 'em?"

"How come some women have lots of kids and some don't have none?"

"Do you think I'll go to hell because I hate my real mother and she's dead?"

"How come your husband never comes home drunk?"

Gradually Jodeen tried harder to conform to life as we lived it. But the friends she had once associated with provided a direct contrast. They felt Jodeen was fast becoming a sissy. They were tough and proud of it. Their influence on her was tremendous, but a gradual change took place in Jody, as we now called her. At her request, we had her hair dyed back to its natural light brown. And gradually we built up her pitiful wardrobe.

Her English improved. The teenagers in our neighborhood became interested and lured her into some of their activities. They were nice youngsters and they liked her.

None of us will ever forget the day her old friends dared to criticize her new friends. Jody came in mad as a wet hen!

One of her hardest experiences was

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Help me, dear Lord, each day I ask
To cheerfully, lovingly perform each task.
Teach me thy ways of gentleness
When children err and troubles press.
Let not impatience rule my day,
But show me the calm and gracious way.

—VALERIE BEARDWOOD

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Baby Doll (Warner) ***Adults*** (—).

Sensational advertising and public controversy have increased the box-office potential but tended to obliterate the artistic qualities of what is really a superb production. The acting and direction are magnificent. As a study of certain psychological and social phenomena, the film has much to say to the sensitive viewer, even though at moments of greatest pathos the majority of the audience is snickering with erotic delight.

Battle Hymn (Universal) ***Family*** (+).

During the Korean War, Col. Dean Hess gave up his pulpit to enter the service again as an Air Force pilot. The orphaned and homeless children of Korea affected him so deeply he arranged for the care of more than a thousand of these victims, some of whom were flown to the U. S. to appear in the film.

Full of Life (Columbia) ***Adults*** (—).

A propaganda salvo on behalf of Roman Catholicism against a free-thinking Catholic who has discarded the rigid teaching of his childhood, against his non-Catholic wife, and against birth control—and, indirectly, against temperance in the use of alcohol. Cleverly done, the film is full of humor and lovable characters, of whom the pregnant Judy Holliday is, as usual, outstanding.

The Great Man (Universal) ***Adults*** (+).

Some of the subject matter presented here is sordid, but José Ferrer discovers an inner integrity which makes his ordeal seem worth while. A news reporter on a local New York radio station, José is assigned the job of building a show honoring a big TV star recently deceased. The sleuthing required to discover the real character of "the great man"—or lack of character—is as exciting as a detective story.

The King and Four Queens (Allied Artists) ***Adults*** (—).

This film has Clark Gable as a roving ne'er-do-well in search of $100,000 stolen by four brothers. Since three of the brothers were blown to bits in the robbery and the fourth is still at large, no one knows which of the wives will have illegal claim to the cash. To discover possible clews to the location of the fortune, Gable romances all four wives and vice versa.

Oedipus Rex (Kipnis) ***Adults*** (+).

Sophocles' tragedy, founded on pagan customs and superstitions which are not current today, has the moral that a guilty man should suffer for the many. This is true, but does not come up to the Christian message that an innocent man died for the sins of the world. An interesting and literate production, nevertheless.

Three Violent People (Paramount) ***Youth (—).***

A dance-hall girl with a past tries to reform and does—after much blood has been shed by her husband and his brother, who also loves her. The characters are a strange combination of good and evil, which some will say is psychologically profound.

The Wrong Man (Warner Bros.) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+).

Alfred Hitchcock tells the suspense-filled drama of a respectable family man who is falsely arrested and indicted for crimes he did not commit.

Zarak (Columbia) ***Youth*** (—).

Supposed to be based on the life of an outlaw of India, this is mostly a hodgepodge combination of tried-and-true Western situations with the addition of Oriental dancing girls and a harem scene. Victor Mature has gone a long way—in the wrong direction—since *The Robe*.

Hollywood or Bust (Paramount) ***Family*** (+).

The last of the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis films, this is mostly a gag-filled travelogue of their trip from New York to Los Angeles in a Cadillac they won at a movie bank-night.

with the dentist; he spent months working on her. He filled 16 cavities in her lower teeth, but the top row was beyond saving. Years of poor diet and neglect made dentures the only solution. Poor Jody was terrified. But when the new teeth were in place, she looked absolutely lovely.

Every change in her life she accepted without comment, but she never gave up trying to get away with something. It continually puzzled her that we didn't beat her or our own children and she couldn't rest until she learned what we would do when she didn't obey. Never before had she had an allowance, and she was proud of having her own spending money. It hurt when I docked that allowance each time she left her bed unmade. Our children got the same treatment, so she couldn't complain.

When we said come in at midnight and Jody stayed out until 1 A.M., she told us she would prefer a beating to staying in the next weekend.

School attendance and homework were sore spots. The homework nearly finished us both until I discovered she didn't read as well as my second grader. During the two years I was teaching her phonics, I read all her school work to her and typed her answers exactly as she gave them to me. I must admit that typing things like "Annie Tonnette was deheaded" came hard. But just to see her face in the candle glow from her very first birthday cake was thanks enough.

The thing that really riled me was skipping school. Jody knew it, and hadn't cut since she had been with us. But finally she could stand it no longer. So she cut.

The school called me immediately. And when she came home, she confessed rather defiantly. There was a big dance coming up within the month and I'd made her first formal in anticipation. It was heartbreaking for all of us to have her miss it, but we stuck to the original agreement that we'd made with her.

A week later her adviser called me from school to report a conversation he had overheard through his window. One of her old undesirable friends suggested to Jody that her new ways were making her look like a "sissy." Why not skip school to see a show and prove she was still a regular?

"Not me!" said Jody proudly. "Your folks let you get away with anything, but my folks really care about me. If I cut school again, I can't date until the end of the semester. They want me to 'mount to something, and they mean just what they say. They sure do love me!"

Colleges welcome her students—
hey know how to dig for the facts!

The Teacher Who Won't Answer Questions

by FRANCES V. RUMMELL

MISS ENID LARSON, a graying, warmhearted, scholarly rebel who teaches science in the high school at Carmel, Calif., has unusual ways of inspiring ambitions in learning. She begins the first day of every school year by pointing toward some impressive reference shelves and announcing, "I never answer questions that you can find the answer to." Then she smiles. "The authority here is not the teacher. In science the only authority is the evidence. I'll have just as many questions as you."

Her spirited expression makes students sit a little straighter, get ready to be partners in the quest for knowledge. But what brings them up short is the discovery that they won't even have a regular textbook to use. Out of stubborn conviction, Miss Larson has abolished education's basic tool. Having students memorize textbooks, she argues, has all but made us a nation of biological illiterates. Equally scornful of home assignments, she says wryly, "Homework is a preposterous waste of parents' time."

Despite these deprivations—or because of them—her graduates are warmly welcomed in California's universities. A well-nigh incredible 23 per cent of her students, on the average, go on to specialize in science of one kind or another, with 15 per cent of this total sticking to the biological sciences—everything from forestry to marine biology to medicine. Characteristically, the teacher feels just as much pleasure when her graduates head for chemistry, physics, or engineering. All her classes are carefully exposed to the inter-relatedness of all branches of science today.

Enid Larson requires her students to go to nature itself for their subject matter. And for their answers. A unit on birds means firsthand field observation. Since great numbers of migrant birds funnel through the Monterey Peninsula on their way to and from Mexico and Alaska, youngsters keep busy recording the mass movements, comparing the routes followed by various species, and puzzling through the relations of migrations to breeding areas or food supply. After school, some 350 local birds keep the students glued to their school-owned binoculars even when the class has moved on to other studies.

Their excited conclusion demonstrates the teacher's credo: what students figure out for themselves may not be new knowledge, but if it's new to them, it will never be forgotten. "The quickest way to kill a student's interest," says the teacher, "is to tell him the answer."

What youngsters can't study out of doors they bring inside, and for their daily laboratory work they routinely supply their own subject matter. The teacher glows whenever they show up with irresistible specimens of any useful kind.

At first the students kept asking, "When do we study animals?" And she kept replying, "When you bring them in." Unaccustomed as they were to self-starter learning, the stalemate was on. The class hung together somehow from September to April without studying a single animal, but Miss Larson determined not to give in to the pressure for games and gimmicks to pep up learning. Convinced that teen-agers enjoy a good intellectual tussle, she refused to sell her subject short, grimly awaited the chance to demonstrate that it could speak for itself.

Finally a boy brought in a strange, hard object shaped like a cocoon. He found from the reference shelves that it was a pellet regurgitated by a barn owl to dispose of indigestible wastes. Opening it before his awed classmates, the boy sorted out a collection of tiny bones that started the whole class doing detective work. It took them two weeks to identify the skull of a gopher, the bones of meadow mice and shrews.

Back to the reference shelves went the boy, to prepare a painstaking

paper on the food of predatory birds. His report on the great extent to which the barn owl aids man in checking our destructive rodent population was the first lesson Miss Larson's students ever had on the balance of nature. They were fascinated, and they reacted by swamping the laboratory with specimens of plant and animal life, whose behavior and interrelationships they proceeded to study.

Today it's a matter of routine for the youngsters to supply the subject matter for their daily laboratory work. One week they may bring in rocks and minerals; the next, insects or algae, or perhaps some luminescent organisms hauled out of the Pacific. Recently a student brought in a live-trapped pregnant fox; another, a king snake.

"Every week is full of surprises," Miss Larson cheerfully remarks. "The day even came when we had the skull of a mountain lion. And a lady trapper gave us a bobcat from her deep freeze." The locale can supply just about anything.

Eight years ago, when Enid Larson came to Carmel High, biology was a dead subject. Only one year of it was offered, only 30 out of 300 students took that, and the "laboratory" boasted a single display—a pretty arrangement of sea shells purchased from a gift shop. Within two years, more and more students were electing the course, and a second year had to be offered. But even this proved not enough. Word had got around: "She's fabulous." Students finally petitioned the board of trustees for a third year, and Miss Larson now teaches six crowded classes a day and offers the state's only three-year sequence in biology.

Since biology at Carmel High is taught as an enterprise and not just a feat of memory, students have literally transformed their once-drab laboratory. Today it possesses a distinguished little museum that grew quite spontaneously from the after-school efforts of the young naturalists themselves. Miss Larson is an expert in preparing biological specimens for exhibit, a practical skill she considers basic to effective teaching of biology. Youngsters love to stay after school to learn how to tan hides and dry feathers, and a few avid taxidermists have done perfectionist jobs on birds, reptiles, and small animals. These are often borrowed by various exhibitors. All told, the museum contains around 8,000 specimens of plant and animal life. Some choice few cannot be duplicated outside large metropolitan museums.

Naturally, the students learn best through undertaking their own collection projects. These are never assigned, students collect anything their hearts desire, but they must heed two stern ground rules: First, a devoted

conservationist, Miss Larson preaches, "Don't destroy." She takes beginners to nearby reservations for the sole purpose of teaching them how to look, absorb, and most of all enjoy, without touching and disturbing. Second, the student collects with an eye to scientific value, and uses his collection for gathering evidence and solving problems.

One beginner who brought in a cigar box crawling with insects was crestfallen to learn his collection was scientifically worthless. The boy had neglected to record precisely where, and under what conditions, he had found the insects. Actually, he confessed, he didn't get the point of carrying around a little notebook anyhow. He asked Miss Larson point-blank, "How many notes do you have on your chipmunks?" She quietly replied, "Nearly 3,200 pages. I am perhaps half finished."

Then she told the class the story of the hapless rock hound who had collected specimens from all over the nation—when came the uranium boom. And what good did it do him when a certain rock clicked merrily to his Geiger counter? None. The man had made no records, hadn't any notion where his uranium-laden prize had come from.

Enid Larson is now serving as an adviser to California's State Department of Education as it struggles to raise teacher standards in natural science. More than a fourth of all California high schools offer no biology courses, and only five offer a full two years of biology in sequence. Even so, California does better than most states. In a recent Purdue University survey of 15,000 high-school students over the nation, 45 per cent of all youngsters believed their schooling too poor to permit them the choice of science as a career. Yet in all states, as in California, science is introduced in the schools in the primary grades. And it is at this point that Miss Larson advises high-school subject-matter specialists to help out their elementary colleagues.

Recently, in a speech before the National Science Teachers Association, which has cited her teaching as outstanding, Miss Larson eloquently preached, "Our ability to help children get the right start, and eventually achieve their own intellectual identity, is the only valid test of good teaching."

How do her own students measure up? By meeting the single, most exacting test of scholarship in the field of natural science—by making actual contributions to original findings. One boy even cleared up the local "mystery" of the so-called sea serpent. Long reported by fishermen in Monterey Bay, the sea serpent was described as a sporting 12-foot beauty with a silver body and a head crowned with lavish, flame-colored plumes. But the actual existence of such an unusual creature was generally attributed to romantic imaginations. That is, until Charles Dawson, a biology student, went wading in the Bay in search of class materials.

Attracted by three unusual young fish about four inches long, the boy took one look at the tiny, beguiling red plumes, scooped up his catch, and rushed to Miss Larson. Charles grins in recollection: "She lit up like a pumpkin on Halloween. She knew we had something, but we couldn't find out what. We just got busy preserving."

Keeping one specimen for their school museum, they sent one to the California Academy of Sciences and

nother to Stanford University's Hopkins Marine Station. From these oung fish, ichthyologists identified he "sea serpent" as the rare *trachipterus rexsalmonorum,* or plumed salmon, which sometimes grows to the unusual size of 5 feet. They hailed he boy for supplying a highly important link in marine lore. Privately, hey expressed amazement that he ad reported the precise location of is find, described the plant life associated with it, and even recorded he temperature of the water.

Last year every one of Miss Larson's classes joined in turning out a road-scale research job for the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. The museum's Dr. Willis J. Gertsch, readying publication on California spiders, ought the students' help. For months, after school and on weekends, his 168 research assistants robed the Monterey Peninsula for piders and jotted down their notes. By the year's end, having weeded out everal hundred duplicates, they sent off 368 different kinds of spiders. Twelve turned out to be species never before known on this continent, and n his book, Dr. Gertsch gives credit o his Carmel assistants for their important contribution to natural history.

It was inevitable that Miss Larson's classes would start hankering for their own natural reservation. Two years ago they sent a request to the Board of Trustees, asking for an area where they could dig up their evidence "free from the disturbing hand of man." The Board granted the use of a rugged, overgrown 2½-acre canyon adjoining the school campus. It contained grassland, a small forest of Monterey pine, and a strip of chaparral made up of sagebrush, coffeeberry, and coyote brush. Miss Larson smiles in recollection: "When word came that we had our own natural area, the kids let out such a yell you'd have thought they'd won a football game."

The natural area provided the teacher with many obvious advantages, as well as new approaches to education, and she made the most of them. She chose a boy who was flunking geometry to set the lines for the boundaries, and he began to understand the reasons for triangulation. She chose a non-reading student to install and manage the new weather station—a cheap purchase from War Surplus—and the boy never missed a day reporting the temperature, precipitation, and wind velocity. With such technical observations finally stirring his curiosity, this non-reader took a chance on George R. Stewart's *Storm,* was fascinated, and began checking out formidable-looking reference books. They were hard going, he said, but worth it.

Another youngster, just browsing in the outdoor area, noticed curious little pyramidal houses of sticks, all partially concealed in tangles of dead branches. Miss Larson refused to tell him what they were, but the books told him: houses of wood rats. The student began studying the trails that led from house to house, concluded that wood rats were great visitors, and was charmed by their social habits—especially their means of communicating by rattling their tails. The first thing his teacher knew, he was checking out a book published for graduate students of biology.

Like many students before him, the boy had a wonderful time demonstrating his teacher's pet conviction—that, once interested, students can, and will, work independently, consult the best evidence, and come up with their own conclusions. "Just give a youngster an idea," she says, "and then get out of his way."

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
— JOHN WESLEY

A minister was leaving under pressure, but the church folk gave him a polite send-off. The chairman of the board presented the farewell gift, saying earnestly, "We just want to give you a little momentum."

—Bert A. Bessire, *St. Edward, Neb.*

When Tom Smith joined the navy, his wife asked the minister to read the following notice after the Sunday service: "Mr. Tom Smith having gone to sea, his wife requests that the congregation pray for his safety."

The minister didn't have his glasses, however, and so he read: "Mr. Tom Smith, having gone to see his wife, requests that the congregation pray for his safety."

—Mrs. H. C. Baum, *Lockburne, Ohio*

At dinner one evening my six-year-old granddaughter overheard a child refuse bacon with the words, "I'm Catholic and don't eat meat on Friday."

She went back to her meal without saying anything, but the following Monday she pushed away her spinach. "I'm Methodist," she said firmly, "and don't eat spinach on Monday."

—W. C. Koelling, *Sterling, Colo.*

In making calls, a certain pastor asked for the Bible and read a few Scripture passages. Visiting his board chairman one day, he made the customary request. The host turned to his small daughter. "Run to the bookcase," he told her, "and get the book we all love so well." Obediently the little girl trotted across the room and returned with the Sears Roebuck catalog.

—Jane Jones, *Lebanon, Va.*

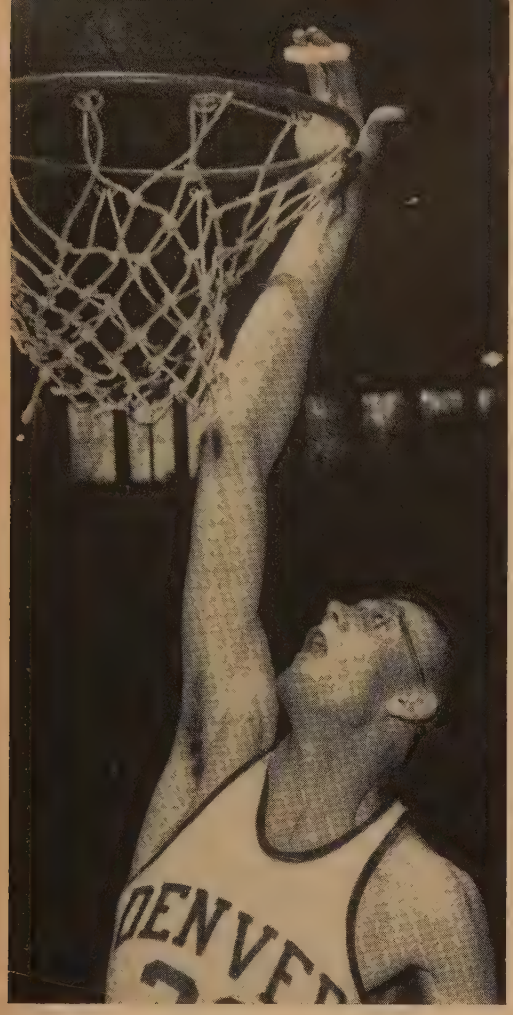
A wealthy Texan took his pastor for a ride in the oilman's expensive new auto. He barreled down the street, narrowly missing scurrying pedestrians.

When the man of God spied the driver's glasses on the cushion, he cried out, "Put on your glasses, brother! You know you can't see without them."

"Relax, pastor," boomed the Texan. "I had the windshield ground to my prescription."

—Grace Westfall, *Waterloo, Wis.*

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? Send it in. If we share it through this column, we'll send you a $5 check.—Eds.



Dick Brott, Forward, Denver. Six feet 8 inches—and fast!

FRED RUSSELL SELECTS

All-American All-Methodist QUINTETS

IT IS A genuine pleasure to report that the superb athletes chosen on the first All-American All-Methodist basketball teams are, to a man, regular church-going youths.

More and more in these hectic times, the top sports stars are turning out to be religious, clean-living athletes. In addition to a deep spiritual significance, they find religion is restful to the mind, relaxing to the muscles, a boost to self-assurance.

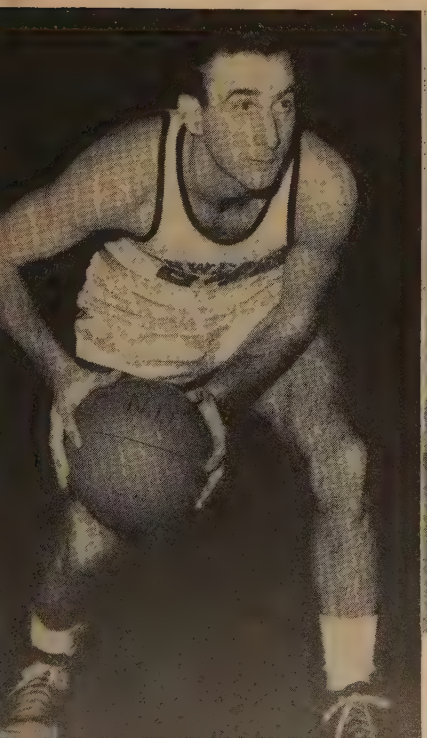
Among an increasing number of coaches who see their players in church on Sunday is John (Whack) Hyder, Georgia Tech's basketball mentor. Hyder, who urges his players to go to church at least once a week, says: "Shooting is confidence. Confidence comes from peace of mind. The best shooters, confident and relaxed, flip the ball instinctively and feel it's going through the basket."

The uncanny accuracy of the great shooters (though this is by no means the sole qualification for selection) on the All-Methodist university and college first teams undoubtedly results from some deep, inner motivation. Natural ability, physical endowments, and brilliant coaching only partly explain a superlative player's demonstrated talent.

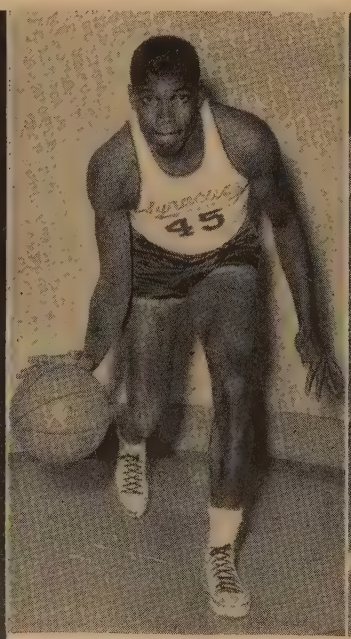
Basketball nowadays is a game of

UNIVERSITY ALL-AMERICAN

Dick Mast, Guard, Northwestern.



Vince Cohen, Forward, Syracuse.

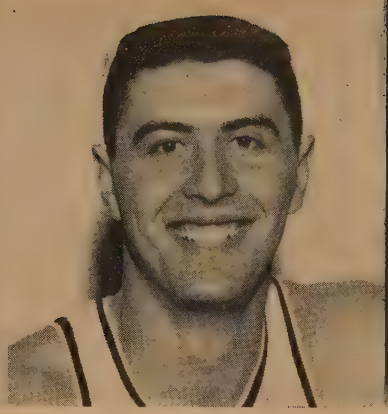


Danny Rogers, Guard, Southern California.

Jim Krebs, Center, Southern Methodist.

Lloyd Castillo, Forward, McKendree.

Hubert Reed, Center, Oklahoma City.



Dave Schneider, Guard, Hamline.

Bob Schrier, Guard, DePauw.

COLLEGE ALL-AMERICAN

Mason Cope, Kentucky Wesleyan forward, has the ball.

ze. A six-footer on an all-star team this age is considered somewhat iminutive. But tallness is not nough. A slow, awkward giant an't help.

"Tall, quick, and co-ordinated—ose are the qualities you seek," ob Polk, highly successful Vander-lt coach, recently told the writer. "Quickness is absolutely essential," olk said. "If a boy isn't quick, he'll ever be a top-flight player.

"Next thing I look for is co-or-ination. The dictionary defines it: armonious adjustment or function-g.'

"Third, I like 'em tall—but, of ourse, quick and co-ordinated. All ese, plus enough sense to pass his ork, and a fighting heart."

Johnny Wooden, the old Purdue ash of about 30 years ago who oaches UCLA, has drawn on his ffice wall a figure he calls the Pyramid of Success."

This is the chart he follows in oaching his teams. The stones con-st of Industriousness, Enthusiasm, riendship, Loyalty, Co-operation, ondition, Skill, Team Spirit, Poise, onfidence—and on top—Competi-ve Greatness.

These are the stones, these are e virtues, and these the charac-ristics of the Methodist All-Amer-ans.

The university selection probably ould average scoring 100 points a me if it played a season as a unit.

METHODIST ALL-STAR CAGERS

FIRST UNIVERSITY TEAM

There are nine Methodist-related universities in the United States. To qualify for Russell's mythical All-American All-Methodist basketball team, a player did not have to be a Methodist.

POS.	PLAYER	SCHOOL	CLASS	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT
F	Dick Brott	Denver	Senior	21	6-8	220
F	Vince Cohen	Syracuse	Senior	20	6-1	185
C	Jim Krebs	Southern Methodist	Senior	21	6-8	225
G	Danny Rogers	Southern California	Senior	22	6-1	180
G	Dick Mast	Northwestern	Senior	22	6	175

SECOND UNIVERSITY TEAM

POS.	PLAYER	SCHOOL
F	Gary Clark	Syracuse
F	Tom Kelly	Boston
C	Joe Ruklick	Northwestern
G	Bobby Mills	Southern Methodist
G	Bucky Allen	Duke

THIRD UNIVERSITY TEAM

POS.	PLAYER	SCHOOL
F	Larry Showalter	SMU
F	Jim Pugh	USC
C	Jim Newcome	Duke
G	Charley Fiorino	Boston
G	Ernie Uthgenannt	Denver

FIRST COLLEGE TEAM

There are 74 Methodist-related senior colleges, 21 junior colleges, and 17 secondary schools. More of these schools participate in basketball than in football or baseball.

POS.	PLAYER	SCHOOL	CLASS	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT
F	Mason Cope	Kentucky Wesleyan	Senior	26	6-3	195
F	Lloyd Castillo	McKendree	Junior	20	6-4	210
C	Hubert Reed	Oklahoma City	Junior	21	6-10	220
G	Dave Schneider	Hamline	Senior	22	6-2	210
G	Bob Schrier	DePauw	Senior	20	6-2	190

SECOND COLLEGE TEAM

POS.	PLAYER	SCHOOL
F	Lyndon Lee	Oklahoma City
F	Don Talbert	Mount Union
C	John Thomas	College of Pacific
G	Jim Hibbitts	Ohio Wesleyan
G	John Hannett	Albion

THIRD COLLEGE TEAM

POS.	PLAYER	SCHOOL
F	Gordon Fosness	Dakota Wes.
F	Don Tobin	Florida Southern
C	Don Gibbs	Iowa Wesleyan
G	Ken Joyner	Randolph-Macon
G	Don Poppen	Morningside

HONORABLE MENTION, COLLEGES

FORWARDS: Hubert Ausbie, Philander Smith; Dave Davis, College of Pacific; Dean Padgett, Illinois Wesleyan; Loren Gipe, Kentucky Wesleyan; Keith Warner, Morningside; Bruce Pumphrey, Mount Union; Donnie Fowler, Wofford; Albert Wilson, Lycoming.

CENTERS: Ed Whaley, Millsaps; Winston Folkers, Hamline; Arthur Lanham, Union (Ky.); Gene Richter, Ohio Wesleyan; Wayne Hawkins, Baldwin-Wallace.

GUARDS: Jerry Cantlon, Central College; Bob Abraham, Chattanooga; Phil Guthrie, Hendrix; John Bunnell, DePauw; Bob Iglehart, Central College; Bud Shelton, McMurry; Bill Bennett, Emory and Henry; Ed Wilson, Baldwin-Wallace.

It possesses tremendous point-making, rebounding, jumping, driving, and defensive ability. Except for towering Jim Krebs and Dick Brott, six-foot, eight-inch aces for Southern Methodist and Denver, respectively, it is not a collection of giants. But its members stand out as such. And don't forget that the skilled player of medium height will always be in demand.

Krebs may make the consensus All-American this year. He was leading Southern Methodist to what would be a third straight Southwest Conference basketball championship and a crack at the national collegiate title as this issue went to press. He is the only collegian ever to get as many as 24 points against Bill Russell, phenomenal center on San Francisco's national champions of 1956. In fact, Jim outscored Russell and held him to 17 points in the NCAA semifinals that year.

"Krebs learned more from playing than from our coaching because he is a man of keen intellect," said his coach, Doc Hayes.

What a wonderful time the guards, Danny Rogers of Southern California and Northwestern's Dick Mast, would have feeding the ball to such strong, lanky, agile targets as Krebs, Brott, and pre-law honor student Vince Cohen of Syracuse! Although standing only an inch more than six feet, Cohen, roommate of Jim Brown, everybody's All-American footballer last fall, can dunk the ball through the basket.

The writer commented in the story with the All-Methodist All-American football teams in December that the all-college group was at least the equal of the all-university eleven. In basketball, that goes double. Many students of the game might favor the college team in a game with the university quintet. However, absolutely no apologies need be made for the latter.

The selector wishes to thank heartily athletic officials who cooperated so enthusiastically in the undertaking. Picking the university standouts from among only seven schools was not exactly a knotty problem. But more than 50 Methodist-related colleges support basketball. Coming up with the cream posed a real brain-twister.

THE average Protestant minister, married and with two children on an income of $3,000 a year or more, is faced by a tremendous economic burden. Even with allowances for housing, utilities, an automobile—plus occasional extra income—most ministers find it difficult to meet month-to-month expenses.

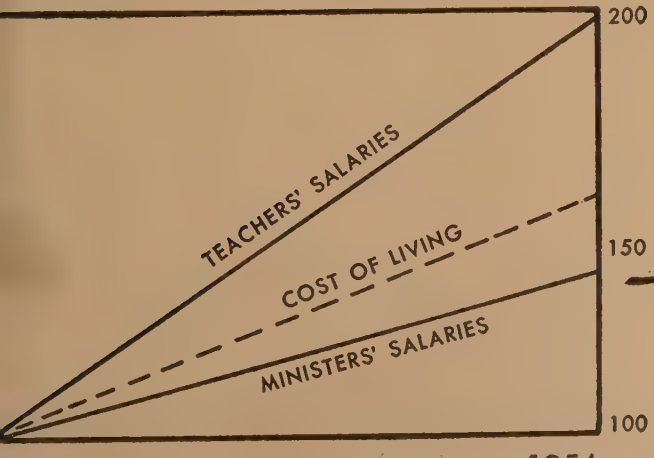
Between 1924 and 1954 the cost of consumer items increased a staggering 53.5%. In the same period, ministerial salaries went up only 41%. Compared with a 102% increase for teachers, sometimes referred to as the "forgotten profession," ministers' salaries are still frighteningly inadequate.

Ministers spend more time in their profession than most other men. The forty hour week is unheard of in the ministry. In many cases their jobs consume a full seven-day week with long hours every day!

Generally, churches do not want their ministers to take on side jobs, nor do they feel it desirable that wives of clergymen should have to work for supplemental income. Church work is a full-time occupation. As such, *churches should consider an adequate salary for the minister as their first financial obligation.*

Some denominations are attempting to re-evaluate ministers' salaries—to put them on an equal level with other professions requiring like amounts of time and money for preparation. A "living wage" is not enough. The minister and his family are entitled to some of the "extras" of comfortable living—books, recreation, education and savings. Only now have responsible churches come to the realization that they must give as much as they ask if the ministry is to continue to attract the best qualified young men.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your Trustees and Board members are available on request.



a report to thoughtful laymen

Ministers Must Live Too!

A recent study shows some ministers running over $500 in the red each year.

Ministers Life AND CASUALTY UNION

SINCE 1900

A Mutual Insurance Company
Licensed in Minnesota

15437 Ministers Life Building. Minneapolis 16, Minnesota

Alfred

BY MARGARET E. SINGLETON

ALFRED, the alligator, was looking for something.

His search took him for long crawls outside the zoo. It also made him very absent-minded. In fact, his mind seemed absent more than it was present.

Alfred could even forget where he lived. He would wander around, thinking about his search, and forget where he started from. Then he would just have to lie down and try to remember. If this happened in the middle of a busy street, it caused quite a commotion. And if he opened his mouth to say, "I'm lost," auto horns tooted, men shouted, and women always screamed.

But Alfred never had to crawl home. Someone always called the zoo and reported that the alligator was loose again. The zookeeper always came and drove him back.

One time Alfred stopped under a tree where a little boy was playing. The boy stared at Alfred for a long time. Then he ran into the house. Alfred heard him say, "But, Mom, there *is too* an alligator in the yard! Look out the window!" Mom did, and the zookeeper got there faster than ever.

He explained to Alfred over and over that he should stay at home in his cage so people could see him *there*.

"They aren't used to seeing alligators in the streets," he said. "It scares them!"

"Well," said Alfred. "I don't mean to scare anybody. I just want to look for—" But he wouldn't say what he was looking for.

"Why can't you just walk around in the zoo park instead?" asked the zookeeper.

"I have my reasons," explained Alfred. "What I'm looking for isn't *in* the zoo."

"But alligators aren't supposed to travel outside of zoos!"

"Don't dogs? And cats?" Alfred demanded. "Is this a free country or not? What do you have against alligators?"

So the zookeeper gave up trying to lock Alfred in his cage. Nothing had worked, not locks nor bars nor screens. Alfred even ate the padlocks whole.

One night Alfred found the zookeeper looking most unhappy. He told Alfred, "Anybody would think you're the only animal in the whole zoo, the trouble you cause me!"

"Well, I *am* the only alligator," sighed absent-minded Alfred.

The zookeeper stared at Alfred. "Why, so you are!"

Alfred woke up late the next morning. His feet were tired from so much traveling around. In fact, he was about ready to give up his search.

"Maybe there isn't another alligator anywhere," he said to nobody in particular.

"Why, sure there is." The voice seemed to come from behind him. It didn't sound like the zookeeper. Alfred was almost afraid to look. But the voice spoke again.

"Hi, Alfred. My name is Andy."

Alfred turned slowly around and faced the cutest little alligator he could ever hope to meet. When he got over the shock, he replied, "Hi, Andy. I've been looking for you."

"I know. Your friend, the zookeeper, told me."

"Where did he find you?" asked Alfred. "I've looked all over this town for another alligator."

"He found me at the zoo in the next town. He wanted you to have a friend to play with. Now there are two of us."

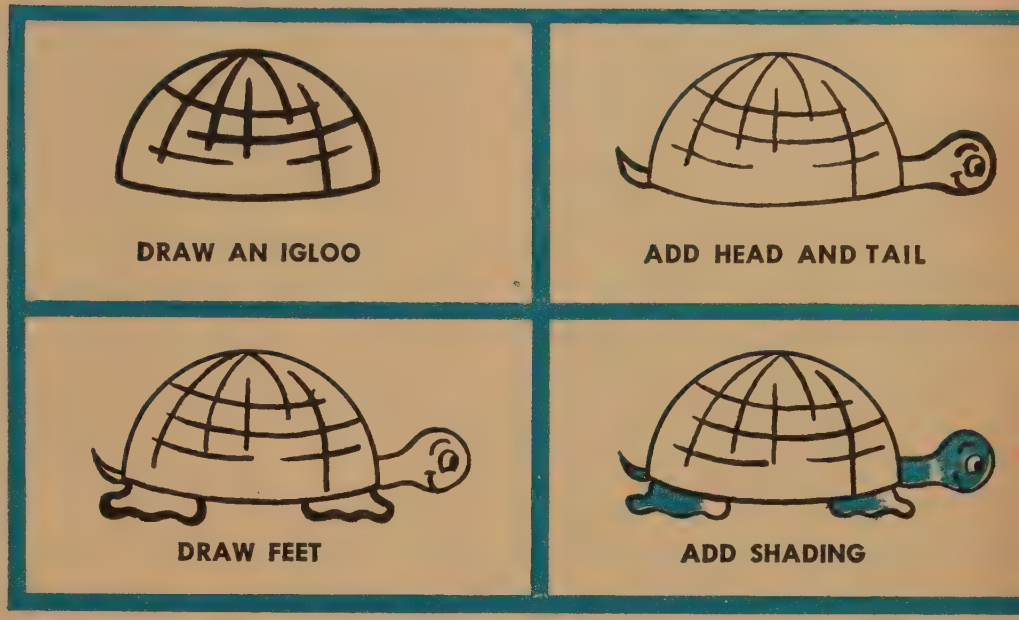
Alfred sighed happily, "Now I don't have to go for any more long crawls."

Andy shook his head. "Guess there isn't any reason to go outside any more, is there?"

And there really wasn't.

Connect the Dots... and see

YOU CAN DRAW THIS TURTLE



urtle's
railer

turtle whose title was "Pete"
marked as he crawled
down the street,
Wherever I roam,
a always at home
hen I pull in my head
and my feet."

—Margaret E. Singleton

IGHTS
)UT

hen I go to bed
hen it is night,
push at a button
nd turn off the light.

hen God wants all
f his earth to rest,
is hand turns off
he sun in the west.

—LOIS SNELLING

BIBLE QUIZ

Fill these blanks with the name of a book in the Bible.

1. **In a courthouse, there are many ————.**
2. **Wise sayings from the Bible are ————.**
3. **In arithmetic class, we learn about ————.**
4. **John took the chalk and made a ———— on the blackboard.**
5. **Daddy goes to work in an office, and he likes his ————.**
6. **People who live in one of the largest cities in Italy are called ————.**
7. **It's easy to tell when Jim is happy by the way he ————.**

Answers on page 74

TICK TOCK TALKS

Though Tick Tock flew
The world around
No place like home
Could ever be found.
Now Tick Tock says
He'll never stray
Away from home
Another day.

—Thomas F. Dillabough

RIDDLE FOR MARCH

Answer on page 74

At night time when you go to bed,
I'm not far from you, toes to head;
And if in woodlands you should look,
There I begin each bubbling brook.
All clocks would be a sorry joke,
If I stretched out too far and broke;
Cold winter would seem most unkind,
If I weren't hiding close behind.
With many meanings, none the same,
Do you think now you know my name?

—Jean Mergard

Barnabas and his

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS

The late Dr. Kate (Mrs. Kate Newcomb) devoted her life to Wisconsin's back country, saved lives, built a church, a modern hospital.

DOWN South these days the American circus would be stirring again in winter quarters, preparing to move north with the warm winds. This year is a sad one for the circus. The "Big Top" is only a memory.

But if **Doc Seuss** had his way, the circus would be turning 'em away again. He tells us about it in *If I Ran a Circus* (Random House, $2.50). He'd add a lot of new and unheard of animals, for one thing. And he'd call it "The Circus McGurkus."

Dr. Seuss would have a walrus named Rolf from the Ocean of Olf who can stand on one whisker on top of five balls. He'd have a Drum-Tummied Snumm from the country of Frumm and a "Remarkable Foon which eats sizzling pebbles that fall off the moon!" One representative of the Circus McGurkus is introduced on the opposite page. It is Dr. Seuss' largest and most ferocious beast. It is a Spotted Atrocious with teeth that weigh 60 pounds each. The Atrocious, according to Seuss, eats "things like carpets and sidewalks and people and trees!"

A most deliciously written and illustrated book from the pen of the champion fly-spray seller of all time—Dr. Seuss!

Twenty-five years ago this month an international swindler named Ivar Kreuger fired a bullet into his heart. Few men in history had been held in greater awe and respect. Few, it turned out, had lived lives of such duplicity.

Ivar Kreuger—the Swedish Match King of the world—was said to be cold and calculating, a masterful liar, a cheat, and a thief. He was also a genius. He had charm. He had no conscience. He was not exactly evil, as one pictures an evil man. He was amoral rather than immoral, because he didn't seem to realize the difference between right and wrong.

Allen Churchill's new book is *The Incredible Ivar Kreuger* (Rinehart, $3.95), a remarkable story by a fine reporter who traces Kreuger's life from boyhood.

"There is sadness . . . in Kreuger's youth. The home . . . should have been a warm and healthy place. Yet in all the stories turned up about Kreuger none concerns his home life, or any affection and guidance it might have provided. For unfathomable reasons the Kreuger home, with all its surface solidity, seems to have been empty—for Ivar at least. And nowhere else . . . did he find a helping hand that might have guided him."

This alone helps to explain the life of the man who consorted with presidents, kings, and dictators; who outfoxed the most conservative banking houses in the world; who created over 400 holding companies whose manipulations are almost impossible to trace today.

What then is conscience? Concordia recently published an excellent book on this subject. It is *The Voice of Conscience* by **Alfred M. Rehwinkel.** The author quotes Dr. Joseph Stump on conscience:

"There is nowhere a race of men, nor has there ever been a race of men so degraded as to be utterly devoid of moral sense. As man came from the hand of his Creator, he had a clear and adequate knowledge of God's will. He did not need the Ten Commandments, because he had them in himself."

Rehwinkel's lucid book points out that conscience is one of the distinctive characteristics of man.

This leaves Ivar Kreuger something less than a man, although mentally he was a superman. He was, I conclude in reading Churchill's book (it's a one-sitting book of 301 pages), a human

hinking machine whose greatest "kick" n life was successfully playing the role f swindler, forger, and confidence man n a scale never before attempted.

While there are Ivar Kreugers, for-unately we also have our Katie New-omb. The folk in Wisconsin's north voods called her Doctor Kate, the Angel on Snowshoes." She was a coun-ry doctor who lived a primitive life, et helped build a church and a modern ospital, and saved scores of lives.

In her book, *Doctor Kate* (Rinehart, 3.75), **Adele Comandini** tells of this voman's selfless devotion to the sick nd destitute during hard years of un-mployment. Getting the church under-vay was a hard job; building, equip-ing, and maintaining a hospital was ven harder. When the hours were lackest, a minister told Doctor Kate:

"If you stop thinking about money, nd begin to have a little more faith, ou would find that much more would e accomplished."

The minister's words were prophetic. Three years ago, Doctor Kate was fea-ured on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" TV program. Viewers from all ver the nation voluntarily contributed 106,000 for Doctor Kate's hospital und. Doctor Kate died last year.

Been analyzed, measured, evaluated ately? If not, you're an exception. Barnabas fell into the hands of an ama-eur psychiatrist at a gathering of riends the other night. It was down-ight embarrassing.

That's why we read *They've Got Your Number* by **Robert Wernick** W. W. Norton, $2.95) with great glee. Wernick has a lot of fun picking he science of *psychometrics* to pieces.

Americans, he says, "are more eager han other people to answer intimate questions about their lives with cheer-ul frankness. Psychologists have been orrified to discover other cultures where people don't like to answer ques-ions at all, or don't care what answers hey give, or deliberately give wrong nes. But here at home—if you just an-nounce you are going to make up a test our neighbors will come running to olunteer."

The IQ craze hit in the 1920s. Some-ne announced that the average Ameri-an movie-goer or newspaper reader had mental age of 13. We've been suffer-ng from this ever since, judging from he pap Hollywood turned out for so many years. Anyway, as Wernick says, he highest possible mental age was 15 n the scales used to measure one's IQ ack in the 1920s.

Was Ivar Kreuger, financial genius and world swindler, born without a conscience?

Seems there's a new Lincoln book coming out every week or two. They can keep coming as long as they have the quality of **J. G. Randall's** *Mr. Lincoln* (Dodd, Mead, $6.50). A long-time Lincoln scholar until his death recently, Randall sifts what he believes to be the truth from hearsay and unreliable reports of Lincoln's day. Actually this book is a collection, gathered from Randall's works, by **Richard N. Current,** editor of the volume.

Maybe you'd like to test your own knowledge of Lincoln. Was Lincoln really engaged to Ann Rutledge? Did he really become insane for a time after her death? Did he drink to excess?

You're safest and nearer the truth if you answer "No" to each question, according to Randall, whose four-volume biography, *Lincoln The President,* is considered one of the most authoritative in the field. This work sold for $25, a little out of my reach. But *Mr. Lincoln* is a readable summing up of Randall's vast knowledge of a great president.

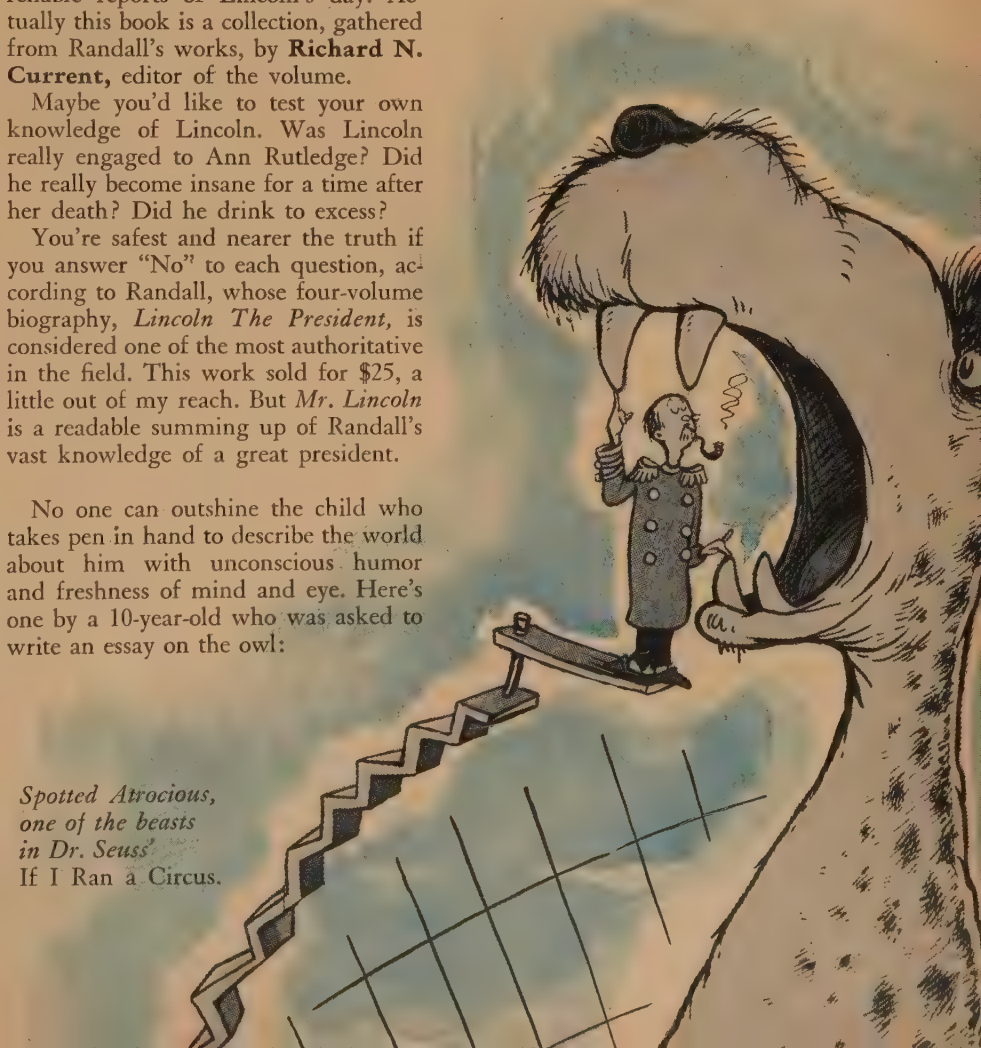
No one can outshine the child who takes pen in hand to describe the world about him with unconscious humor and freshness of mind and eye. Here's one by a 10-year-old who was asked to write an essay on the owl:

"The bird that I am going to write about is the owl. The owl cannot see at all by day and at night is as blind as a bat.

"I do not know much about the owl, so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the cow. The cow is a mammal. It has six sides—right, left, and upper, and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized; but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

"The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass."

That little masterpiece comes from *The Master Guide For Speakers* (T. S.



Spotted Atrocious, one of the beasts in Dr. Seuss' If I Ran a Circus.

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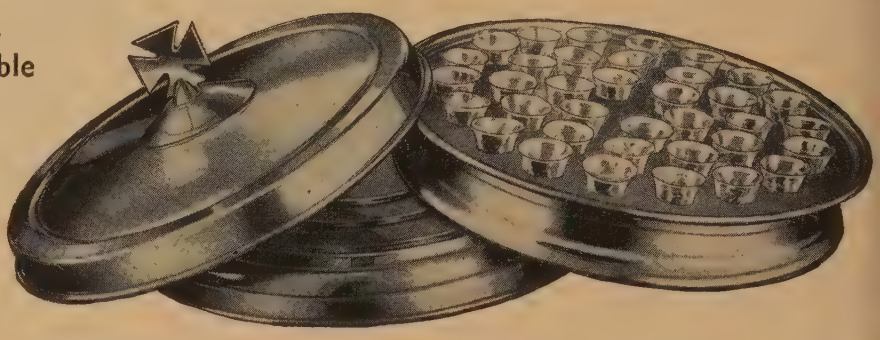

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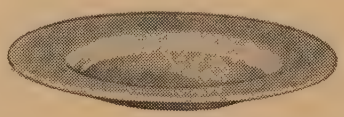

IDEAL ALUMINUM BROAD RIM BREAD PLATE. (Illustration above.) For set above. 10 inches in diameter. Order by number. **TC-W10.** Postage extra; shipping weight, 6 ozs. **$2.35**

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nison, $4.95), which contains nearly housand little stories, mostly humor- s. It is the kind of book I like to keep the desk. When I feel a frown com- g on, I reach for this one. It's a sure re.

This little old round, spinning world s a great story to tell, but it ain't king. Much of this story is written, wever, all over the face of the globe. has taken men centuries to figure out e language.

Says **Ruth Moore** in her *The Earth e Live On* (Alfred A. Knopf, $6): s we look up and outward we can see into limitless space; we look upon e sun 92,900,000 miles away and upon e even more distant stars. As we gaze wnward toward the earth we live on, r vision generally halts at our feet. e cannot see even an inch into the rth."

Geologists have learned to read much the earth's history in rock formations this is Miss Moore's story. She tells w they have argued and theorized d piled up evidence through the cen- ries. You'll walk with wider and ore knowing eyes after reading this pularized presentation.

Books are like eggs, someone ob- rved a long time ago. You don't need read the whole book to know that it bad. But I'll admit I sometimes read the way through a book that's over y head. I'm ashamed to give up.

The process of reading is the same it was when the first book came off e press. Super-science isn't doing uch to change books, except to make em more colorful and readable. Es- ntially, the book is what it always as. Earlier predictions that we'd have levised books, automatic page turners d canned books, etc., haven't ma- rialized, except for limited use by ndicapped people. Most of us still e the feel of a book in the hand, the eedom to turn pages, browse, skip, en concentrate on one paragraph for hour if need be. Some people even e to *smell books!* Come to think out it, some books do have a delight- l aroma—one composed of printers' k and wood pulp, or musty years.

The other morning I spied a spar- ing diamond on the hand of the ung lady next door. Just the girl, I ought, to review *The Art of Being appily Married,* by **Andre Maurois** Harper & Brothers, $2.95). And I was ght.

"In a French university course, the ofessor tries to teach lessons in mar- ge by portraying the high and low points of marriage in drama form . . ." our office bride-to-be remarks. "For anyone seriously concerned about marriage, this will offer nothing profound or enlightening. For anyone with an uncontrollable desire to eavesdrop on the intimacies of another's married life, this ought to satisfy. The book has an air of superficiality, and unless you especially like romantic love served French style, with little humor or subtleness, you would better spend your time sending flowers to your wife or cooking your husband an extra-special meal to achieve what 145 pages really gets down to saying."

Barnabas discerns great wisdom in that last suggestion. 'Nuff said?

Roland H. Bainton's approach to marriage in *What Christianity Says About Sex, Love and Marriage* (Association Press, 50 cents) is different from Maurois' and strikes me as more profound and thorough. This is one of six excellent paperback editions Association is putting out for half a dollar each. Others you'll find on the stands:

A Short Primer for Protestants, by **James H. Nichols.**

Religious Living, by **Georgia Harkness.**

Basic Christian Writings, edited by **Stanley I. Stuber.**

Words to Change Lives, sermons by leading clergymen.

The Life of Christ in Poetry, compiled by **Hazel Davis Clark.**

Six similar books will be published every six months by Association Press, the publication department of the National Council of the YMCA. The director, James Rietmulder, tells me the project is "perhaps the biggest thing we have ever done."

Bainton's book features a love letter written by William Penn, Quaker leader and colonizer of Pennsylvania. It was written to his wife 10 years after their marriage:

"My dear wife, remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making."

Penn was married twice and wrote touching love letters to both his wives. He was an eloquent preacher, a magnetic leader, who toiled with great energy. He is detailed in **Catherine Owens Peare's** biography, *William Penn* (Lippincott, $6). Mrs. Peare's book is rather lifeless and colorless, I'm afraid, but it is a thorough and scholar-

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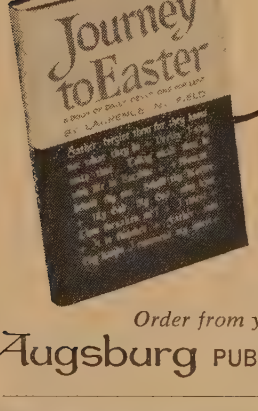

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ly work. By sheer weight of evidence she builds a substantial picture of the man who was admired and loved by the Quakers, as well as the Delaware Indians, whose language Penn mastered in less than a year.

In TOGETHER this month you'll find a pro and con discussion by world leaders on the question of whether Red China should be admitted to the United Nations. One who would argue most urgently for admission is **Julian Schuman,** formerly China correspondent of *The Chicago Sun-Times* and the American Broadcasting Company. Schuman stayed behind for six years after the Chinese revolution. His *Assignment China* (Whittier, $4) will probably become one of the most controversial books of the year.

Schuman says the United States faces no danger from Red China. He discounts published stories of "brainwashing" by the Chinese. He says "the rapid rise in her [China's] standard of living and consumer purchasing power has created an unprecedented demand for consumer goods," and that China is anxious to increase her trade with the United States. He indicates the belief Formosa rightfully belongs to Red China. He says the Chinese now have more freedom than ever before.

In the United States you are free to buy this book and read it anywhere. Schuman had the freedom to write it here. No one told Whittier it couldn't be published. I am wondering if any writer in Red China or the Soviet Union could have written a similar book favorable to the United States?

It is a sad but inescapable fact that this year, like other years, about 120,000 American couples will discover the fact that their child is mentally retarded. But there is more hope for the retarded child today than ever before, as **Maya Pines** points out in *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel Press, $5.) It is a practical book which documents what has been done in some communities to solve this problem.

Joan Grant, the British novelist remembers other lives. Her new book *Far Memory,* an autobiography (Harper, $3.50), is the latest in a procession of semi-occult works that started with Bridey Murphy.

Miss Grant was a precocious child. She recalls having been a Greek boy. Among other lives, she believes, she was an Egyptian. At a tender age she resented "finding myself trapped in the body of a baby." She often had premonitions of things that finally happened. One of her best-known books, *Winged Pharaoh,* was written from the

Browsing in Fiction

THIS MONTH I want to depart from custom and review only one book. Published in two volumes and containing a small library of fiction, **STORIES TO REMEMBER** *(Doubleday, $7.50)* is edited by **Thomas B. Costain,** whose historical novels are known to most of you, and **John Beecroft** who is editor in chief of the Literary Guild of America and has edited five previous anthologies.

As a rule I take a dim view of anthologies—they usually contain so much material that does not appeal to me, and reading them is like eating a poor dinner in the hopes that the dessert will be worth the sacrifice. This is no judgment on the ability of the anthologist but just another illustration that one man's meat is another man's poison. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the field of literature.

But this anthology offers better fare. With only a few exceptions, I found this good reading. The title is accurate, indeed—here are stories one finds it easy to remember, and thinking back on them brings a continuing pleasure.

The two volumes of 1,009 pages contain 6 complete novels and 33 stories. There are a number of excerpts from longer books which stand on their own feet and give the reader the sharp flavor of the longer work. I had already read a number of the selections, but I found myself going through them again with about as much satisfaction as when they were first encountered. Let me give you examples:

I must confess that it did not start too well for me, as Selma Lagerlof's ***The General's Ring*** never has been one of my favorites. It may be yours, however.

There are other atmosphere yarns I prefer to this—Edgar Allen Poe's ***The Fall of the House of Usher,*** for one. And speaking of atmosphere, I doubt if anyone can read Daphne du Maurier's ***The Birds*** and not be overwhelmed with a terrifying sense of danger and doom when the birds decide to attack men. H. G. Wells and Alexandre Dumas both have stories reflecting their peculiar power to lead a reader into another world.

For those who prefer stories with a homely touch, the editors give us two wonderful selections from Jessamyn West's ***The Friendly Persuasion.*** Or you may turn to Arthur Train's story of ***The Bloodhound*** and discover again how foolish it is to assume that the great old lawyer, Mr. Tutt, is as naive as he appears.

There are a few of the classic short stories which can be read over again happily if you have already seen them. For example, O. Henry is represented by ***The Gift of the Magi*** and ***The Last Leaf*** (see page 29 in this issue of TOGETHER). From the other side of the water there is Guy de Maupassant's ***The Necklace.*** And, no matter how many times you've read ***The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*** by Washington Irving, it seems to be just as good as it was the first time. Reading these great short stories of another day and standard is a treat after some of the current offerings.

The collection includes G. K. Chesterton's superb mystery, ***The Blue Cross.*** I read it again and although most detective stories cannot stand a second reading, one can follow Father Brown's contest with that archcriminal Flambeau with something of the same appreciation and anticipation of a first encounter. Then, to balance this, you'll find Stephen Vincent Benet's masterpiece, ***By the Waters of Babylon.***

Of the novels included, my favorites are: MacKinlay Kantor's ***The Voice of Bugle Ann,*** Conrad Richter's ***The Sea of Grass,*** and Enid Bagnold's ***National Velvet. Portrait of Jennie*** by Robert Nathan and ***The Bridge of San Luis Rey*** by Thornton Wilder may appeal more to you than they do to me. I had not thought of ***National Velvet*** for a long time. But to read that wonderful story of an English family, a little girl, and a horse brought back memories of the first time I read it, and fresh pleasure and excitement at running the great race again.

Martha Sawyer's double-spread, full-color illustrations on the title pages add much to the volumes, as do 60 drawings in black and white by William Reuswig.

Admittedly this is not recent fiction, yet I think we all might spend more time with a good anthology such as this. Here are stories that have stood the test of a number of years and are selected by seasoned editors. In contrast to many novels which are read and leave no desire to be read again, these volumes will be ever welcome—and something to remember!

Gerald Kennedy

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The Tribe That Lost Its Head, by **Nicholas Monsarrat** (Wm. Sloan Associates, $4.95)

The Fountain Overflows, by **Rebecca West** (Viking $5.)

Don't Go Near the Water, by **William Brinkley** (Random House, $3.95)

The Etruscan, by **Mika Waltari** (Putnam, $4.50)

Non-Fiction

The FBI Story, by **Don Whitehead** (Random House, $4.95)

The Nun's Story, by **Kathryn Hulme** (Little-Brown, $4.)

This Hallowed Ground, by **Bruce Catton** (Doubleday, $5.95)

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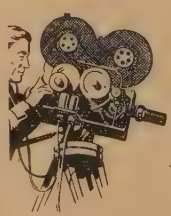

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?alling All Wesleyana Collectors!

by Frederick E. Maser, Superintendent, Philadelphia Conference

? YOU find it, name your own price! efer to a rare bit of Wesleyana that u might happen upon in any second-nd bookstore.

It's a certain copy of Goldsmith's *car of Wakefield,* that bears the tograph of John Wesley, founder of ethodism. An impoverished collector umbled across it in a London book-re some years ago. What excited him ere the notations Wesley had written roughout the volume.

But the price was two pounds, so e collector shook his head and turned ay. But all that night he couldn't ep. The next morning he scraped up e money and before breakfast hurried ck to the book shop. The book was ne!

Had someone bought it merely for e story or was it purchased by a col-tor? Does it lie unnoticed in some-e's attic right now?

No one knows, but I carefully ex-nine every copy of Goldsmith's *Vicar* at I see.

Wesley read avidly and wrote notes the margins on his books. Often ey were for the printer, because Wes-abridged many books for his Meth-ists. But sometimes the marginal tes were for Wesley's own use and joyment.

After his death many of Wesley's oks and manuscripts were in the pos-ssion of a minister, John Pawson, no occupied Wesley's London home. A well-meaning, but narrow-minded ethodist, Pawson was filled with zeal destroying everything he regarded frivolous or dangerous literature. ow many of Wesley's books and pa-rs he burned we cannot tell. But we know that Shakespeare's plays with esley's comments went up in flames.

When Henry Moore, a close friend Wesley, heard what was happening, hurried to the Wesley home to stop wson. What he was able to save now a part of the famous Colman collec-n in England.

I like to think that someday, some-here, somebody will turn up a note esley wrote to his first sweetheart—phy Hopkey.

Wesley went to Georgia in 1735 as a missionary to the Indians and firmly resolved to live an ascetic life and never to marry. There he met Sophy—a beautiful, understanding, intelligent girl. She was the niece of Mrs. Thomas Causton, wife of the magistrate of the colony, the most influential man in Savannah. Wesley taught Sophy French, theology, and practical religion. She nursed him when he was ill, being careful to dress in cool white, his favorite color.

But he never married Sophy. He felt a moral imperative to live a single life. Once he canceled the usual lesson. He scribbled Sophy a hurried note and sent it to her by her friend, Miss Bovey.

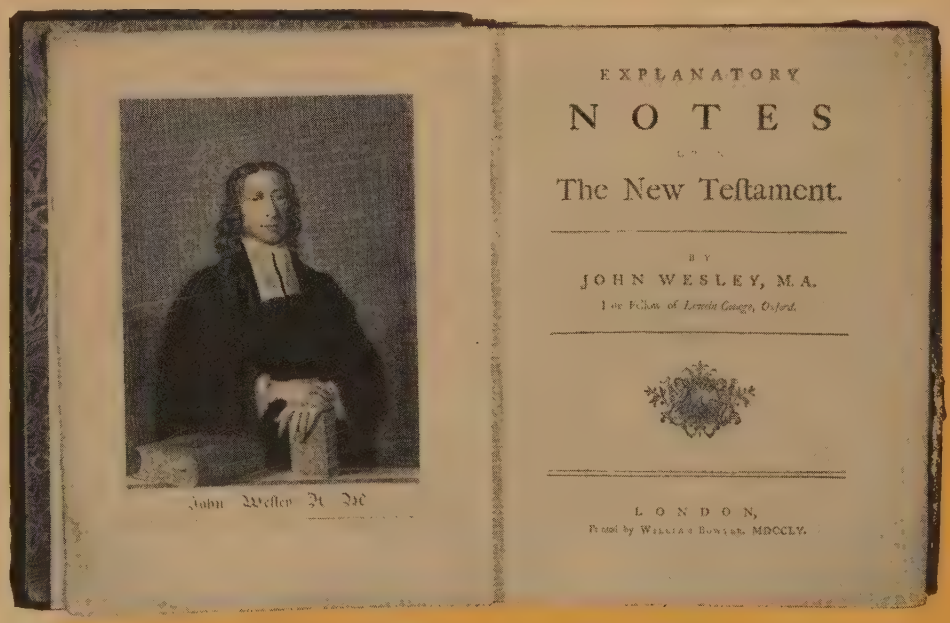
"I find, Miss Sophy," he wrote, "I can't take fire into my bosom, and not be burnt. I am therefore retiring for awhile to desire the direction of God. Join with me, my friend, in fervent prayer, that He would show me what is best to be done."

That's the note I'd like to own. Who has it? Did Sophy tear it up? Or did she carefully lock it away in the secret compartment of an escritoire, or some other place where 18th-century ladies kept their treasures?

I have over 150 Wesley items in my collection, besides more than 60 biographies, mostly first editions.

Book collectors can dream—and we do! One came true for me in a long, low, narrow, book-filled, dust-covered, secondhand, Midwestern book shop. The dealer, unlike the usual unhurried book seller, was always moving about his shop, now diving to the bottom of a heap of books as if in search of pearls, now relighting his pipe that was forever going out. He had a worried crease across his forehead.

When I asked if he had any Wesley



Wesleyana collectors keep their eyes open for books like this—a rare copy of John Wesley's Explanatory Notes Upon The New Testament.

items, he hopefully handed me a little volume. It was a second edition of Whitehead's *Funeral Sermon on Wesley*. Then I saw something else and my heart began to beat faster. Inside was a brief letter, fairly well preserved, in the careful handwriting of Wesley. I was almost afraid to ask the price.

"This is only a second edition," I complained, with as much composure as I could muster.

"I know," the dealer answered, sucking his pipe, "but there's a Wesley letter in the front."

"So there is," I said. "Well, how much?"

"I was going to ask ten dollars for it."

I paused to get my breath. Ten dollars! Wesley letters begin at fifty dollars and many of them run to several hundred. Ezra Tipple, who was once president of Drew University, paid a thousand dollars for Wesley's letter to Wilberforce, the last one Wesley wrote. Ten dollars! But I tried to be casual—and remarked, "I'll take it."

I left the shop with my heart singing. At home I looked up the letter in Telford's eight-volume edition of *Wesley's Letters*. It wasn't listed. Then the full meaning of my find struck me. I was holding in my hand—*and owned!*—an unpublished letter of John Wesley.

The outside of the letter is addressed to Mr. Lowes at the Orphan House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and here it is, published, I believe, for the first time.

London
February 26, 1771

I think Dr. Wilson is in the right. You cannot as yet be a travelling preacher. You must lie by for a year, only preaching now and then, as your strength will permit. But I see no need at all of your quitting the House. Pray let S. Lowes and you keep as near as you can. I am

Your Affectionate Brother
J. Wesley

It is a simple letter, but how characteristic of Wesley. Always he was concerned for others, but most of all for his preachers, to whom especially he proved an "affectionate brother."

In old St. George's Church, Philadelphia, and in John Street Church in New York you will find much original Wesley material. Some of our Methodist seminaries and colleges also have choice items. But for a pure treat, plan a vacation in North Carolina's Great Smokies with a few hours at Lake Junaluska near Asheville There in the World Methodist Council Headquarters, the secretary, Dr. Elmer T. Clark, has assembled a notable collection.

He began it in 1917 when he came across 60 Wesley manuscripts in London. They cost him $100. Today one of the manuscripts alone would probably bring much more than the entire original set.

Among the items is a glazed pottery bust of Wesley at 81 made in 1784 by Enoch Wood, famed British potter. Also on display is the first edition of Wesley's *A Calm Address to the American Colonies*, written in 1775 as a protest against the Colonial slogan, "Taxation Without Representation." It resulted in Wesley's losing considerable prestige among Americans.

One miniature bust is a rare, curious and grotesque caricature made from the backbone of a horse. Tradition is that it was displayed in a British pub and frequently doused with ale by drinkers to show their dislike for Wesley.

But you needn't wait to go to Junaluska to start collecting Wesleyana. Spend a few hours browsing in any library. Buy a few good biographies—such as Bishop Francis J. McConnell's *John Wesley* (Abingdon Press, $3) or Maldwyn Edwards' fascinating story *Family Circle*—about the Wesley family (Epworth, $1.75). They're good reading and will lead you to other volumes not in print. Discover even a fairly rare Wesley item, and you're on your way!

We Wesley enthusiasts have organized a Wesley Society. You can join by sending $2 to Prof. Franz Hildebrant at Drew University, Madison, N.J. The occasional bulletin will link you to the growing band of Methodist laymen and ministers who know the fascination of the great personality that launched our denomination.

What's Your Hobby?

Here's a chance for you to trade stamps, coins, recipes, patterns, or stories with someone in your own city or on the other side of the world. Each month TOGETHER will publish names and addresses of the Methodist hobbyists so that you can get in touch with them. If you want to be listed, send your name, address, and hobby to TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. (Pen Pal entries are limited to those 18 years of age or less.)—Eds.

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Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

The crowds were astonished at his teachings, for he taught them as one who had authority . . . —Matt. 7:28, 29

THE DAY had been long and hot, but he had held the people spellbound. His words had ranged easily from one to another of the great principles of human character and moral conduct.

Then came these words like a cash: "Not every one that says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of my Father who is in heaven."

The Father had given authority to Jesus to probe the innermost secrets of immortal spirits. He knew that words of love and professions of loyalty require *deeds*. There is one test for such deeds, if a man wishes to prove his loyalty to Jesus: Will they help to do the will of the Father?

Jesus was gripped by a like compulsion when he knelt in prayer in the garden: "My Father . . . as *thou* wilt." His authority still sets that prayer before us as the ultimate when we face life's problems.

PRAYER: Help us, O Master, to bow to thy authority in every moment of life. Amen.

—ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

Robert Caspar Lintner
Verona, New Jersey

"Beware of practicing your piety before men . . . ; for then you will have no reward . . ." —Matt. 6:1

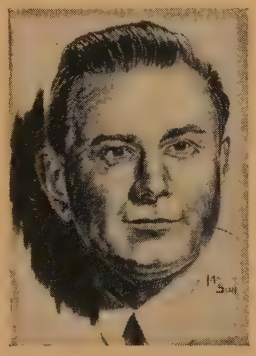
THE DIRTY hands of Jackie, a 10-year-old, relaxed their clutch on six dimes. The coins clinked on my church desk. I wondered how and where he got the money. Jackie's family was destitute because of the father's alcoholism.

"Here," the boy blurted; "these are for the children in Korea. Mother gave me five dimes, and I saved one myself." (Silence.) His eye twinkled with a tiny tear as he concluded: "Daddy came home."

Here was the true gift of gratitude. There was no expectation of reward or praise, no expectation of being seen of men. Here was thankfulness expressed in missionary service; a gift not for men to see, but for God to use.

PRAYER: Father, help us to learn that we see thee best in the gifts we offer—gifts known but to thee alone. In the name of the Giver of life. Amen.

—HERBERT E. RICHARDS



Herbert E. Richards
Boise, Idaho

Richard Hewitt
Glendale, California

Ben Morris Ridpath
Kansas City, Missouri

"Truly I say unto you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."—Matt. 25:40

THUS DID Jesus set forth the keynote of his ministry—the keynote of service. If he had appraised his mission on the basis of human values alone, he probably would have expected his followers to serve him. But he regarded his mission through different eyes, realizing that it could best be accomplished through avenues of service to mankind.

It is recorded that during the Last Supper Jesus rose from the table and went the rounds of the disciples washing their feet. Afterwards he said, "For I have given you an example. . . ."

What did he mean? Not the literal washing of feet especially but, in a broader sense, all the thoughtful acts of kindness and helpfulness—however trivial—which each one can do for his fellows. While done primarily for others, they also are acts of service we do for God himself.

PRAYER: O Lord, purge us of self-seeking desires, and plant in our hearts the desire to serve as Jesus taught us. Amen.

—RICHARD HEWITT

"If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." —Matt. 26:39

SOME years ago, at the Institutional Methodist Community Center in Kansas City, a beloved deaconess was almost in tears trying to persuade a group of boys to behave—to no avail.

Finally, with a heavy heart, she went to a corner and got a yardstick. With it in hand she advanced upon the leader of the rowdies.

Said the deaconess: "I've never used force on you boys. I've loved you too much for that. But this morning someone has to be punished for what you are doing. I know of nothing else to do." Then turning to the leader, she said softly, "One of you will have to take this yardstick and give me a whipping." The room was dead silent for a few moments. Then the leader spoke. "Oh, we can't do that. Please give us another chance and we'll be good!"

In this simple story I find something that helps me to understand the mystery of Jesus' suffering, his agony in Gethsemane, and his aton-

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q Are we to believe everything we read in the Scriptures?

Strictly speaking, we do not define a Christian as one who accepts the Bible, but as one who accepts Christ—one who has found God in Christ and follows him.

We may find it difficult to accept certain things in the Bible. But we should not read the Bible as an inspired encyclopedia of knowledge.

As we read it, we ought to think of it as a book of life.

Q Do Methodists have cathedrals?

The Catholic Encyclopedia defines a cathedral as "the chief church of a diocese in which the bishop has his throne (*cathedra*)—properly speaking, the bishop's church."

But our Methodist bishops are *general* superintendents. They are consecrated, not ordained, as bishops. Since none of our churches is a bishop's church, we have no cathedrals.

Q Where and why did the idea of Baptism originate?

The Jews had a rite of Baptism which they used when non-Jews were received as proselytes into their faith. And something like Baptism was practiced by certain ancient religions.

The modern Christian concept of this sacrament's meaning came later, from Christ's teaching that sin is not merely a matter of wrong deeds—but also a wrong spirit which needs to be removed from a man.

There is no magic power in baptismal water, even consecrated water, nor in the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper. What is vital is the great truth that God, by his Spirit, can cleanse us from evil and give us a new life.

Q Do we believe in modern miracles?

What do we mean by "miracle"?

Commonly, we think of a miracle as something contrary to the order we find in nature or history, the order we see all about us. Those who see nothing but this order regard miracles as unscientific and irrational. But we Christians, accepting the idea of a world of order, think that there is a higher order, a world of the spirit.

It has its beginning in God. In him all things move and have their being. In a real sense, all the many wonders that we do not call "miracles" are of his doing.

Here is a man who is ignorant, helpless, a slave to drink; by God's saving help he becomes a man of noble character, of high value to his fellows.

There are other miracles all about us. The great miracle associated with Jesus is Jesus himself: a humble Galilean spends a few years teaching, preaching, helping, healing, and then goes to his death. Today, around the world, men find in him the supreme revelation of God, the highest way of life, the saving help for this life and the hope for what is to come.

ing death on the cross. Gethsemane and the cross are love in action.

PRAYER: God of Light and Truth and Love, help us to understand with our dim consciousness, the suffering and death of Jesus as he walked in selfless love. May we, too, as his disciples, follow him in prideless devotion; we ask it in his precious name. Amen.

—BEN MORRIS RIDPATH

Pilate said to them, "Then what shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?"—Matt. 27:22

RELIGION has been described as an approach to the Reality back of the universe.

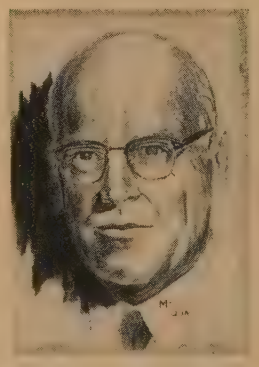
C. S. Lewis in his spiritual biography, *Surprised by Joy*, describes his pilgrimage from atheism to faith. In his search, he found only two of the higher religions which challenged seriously his attention: Hinduism and Christianity. He turned down Hinduism because it contained such an oil-and-water existence of paganism and philosophy. He found in Christianity a mature approach to Reality.

As he sought to bring all his acts, desires, and thoughts into harmony with the universal Spirit as revealed in Christ, he was appalled to find that his conventionally moral life was "a zoo of lusts, a bedlam of ambitions, a nursery of fears, and a harem of hatreds." When he became willing to give Christ his all, the change within was as when a man after a long sleep suddenly becomes aware that he is awake.

Christ stands before each of us. What shall I do with Christ? Is it all or nothing? Only as we give our full allegiance to him and seek to bring our acts, thoughts, and desires into harmony with him, do we become aware of the Eternal.

PRAYER: Dear Father, grant that we may so completely surrender our lives to Christ that purity, peace, and power may dwell richly in our hearts.

—EMBREE H. BLACKARD



Embree H. Blackard
Asheville, North Carolina

NEWS of the world parish

ood Disaster: Methodist Churches Rush Aid

Methodist groups were among the to speed aid to families and rches crippled by the most devas- ng flood in eastern Kentucky since 7.

The Kentucky Conference cabinet, ting in emergency session with op William T. Watkins, set a spe- relief offering, which was joined ost immediately by the Louisville a's two other annual conferences emphis and Louisville).

The Methodist Hospital of Kentucky Pikeville fed hundreds and supplied medicine. Parsonages and churches dry ground were turned into cloth- - and food-distribution centers, and nporary quarters for the homeless. ngregations shipped off truckloads emergency supplies to sister churches.

The flood halted coal mining—at st 30,000 miners, many Methodists, re out of work. One church reported per cent of members affected. Meth- st churches and parsonages sustained obably $80,000 damages. Ashland and rbourville districts reported 17 urches and seven parsonages dam- ed. The First Methodist Church, keville, suffered $16,600 damage; a w Methodist church at Allen, $5,000. strict Superintendent R. F. Ocker- man at Barbourville reported 22 inches of water in his parsonage.

One of the first Methodist officials to go into the flood area was the Rev. John F. Baggett, assistant to the bishop, who helped survey damage and co-ordinate relief activities. During the emergency the Kentucky Council of Churches acted as clearing house for cash donations.

JAPANESE KAMIKAZE PILOT

From Warplane to Pulpit

A Japanese suicide pilot who has become a Protestant minister is disclosing how the impact of Christian teachings—and a girl—converted him to Christianity. The Rev. Sakae Kebayashi, a minister of the United Church of Christ in Japan, told the National Council of Churches' Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature how he was waiting for the mission from which he would never return on the day Japan surrendered.

He went home "despondent and bitter" and took a job in an oil refinery. There he met a girl who showed him the New Testament and persuaded him to go to church with her.

He went out of curiosity, discovered the newness of life Christianity brings. He entered a theological seminary—and married the girl.

METHODIST LEADERS

Hit Catholic Pressure

Two Methodist leaders have accused the Roman Catholic Church of interference with Methodist schools and mission work.

Dr. Myron F. Wicke told the Board of Education's annual meeting of Catholic pressure to drop required Bible studies in Methodist institutions. He warned the interference represents "a steady but calculated probing for timorous spots among all Protestant schools and colleges."

Speaking at the Board of Missions' annual meeting, Dr. Eugene L. Smith, head of the Division of World Missions, named the Roman church and Communism as the major obstacles to Protestantism's advance. Citing examples of property confiscation and attempts at political control in Spain and the Philippines, he asserted that the Roman Catholic Church is committed to the destruction of all religions except its own.

$1.5 MILLION FIRE LOSS

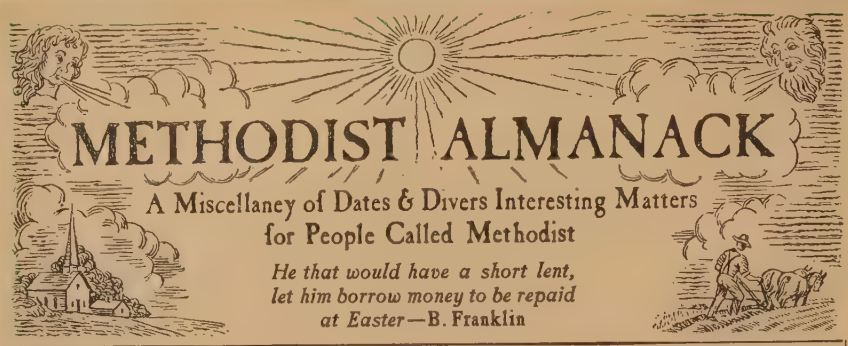
Is Your Church Safe?

Recent church fires have sent Methodist losses soaring: First Church, Syracuse, N.Y., $800,000; First Church, Kingston, Pa., $500,000; Grace Church, Sioux City, Iowa, $300,000.

The Syracuse blaze, worst in the town's history, spread to neighboring buildings, causing total damage esti-

efore a photograph of a new Indiana church, Bishop Richard . Raines tells colleagues Bishops Frederick B. Newell (center) nd William C. Martin (right) how Methodism is strengthning its local churches—one of two major programs explained n detail at the Chicago District Superintendents Conference.

In a recent wave of U.S. church fires First Methodist Church, Syracuse, N.Y., sustained an estimated $800,000 damages. Furnaces cause most church fires—44 per cent—probably because heating plants remain idle during the week then are fired to near capacity for Sunday services, fire experts say.


METHODIST ALMANACK
A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters
for People Called Methodist
He that would have a short lent,
let him borrow money to be repaid
at Easter—B. Franklin

MARCH hath XXXI days — 3rd Month

With rushing winds and gloomy skies,
The dark and stubborn winter dies:
Far off, unseen, spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise:
March! —Taylor

15	Fr	Camels used in U.S. as "freight trains", 1856	■ Government experimented with camel caravans across the Great Plains of the West. Soldiers found camels ornery: idea was soon abandoned.
16	Sa	Congress founds West Point, 1802	
17	S	St. Patrick's Day	
18	M	*Sin is not hurtful because it is forbidden*	
19	Tu	*But is forbidden because it is hurtful*	
20	W	Spring begins 4:17 P.M.	
21	Th	Plymouth colony and Indians make friends, 1621	
22	Fr	Learn by heart Matthew 6:1	
23	Sa	P. Henry pleads for "liberty or death," 1775	
24	S	Salvation Army makes U.S. beachhead, 1880	■ In England, a 15-year-old boy vowed that "God Almighty should have all there was of William Booth." He became a Methodist, preached in London slums, later started Salvation Army. Carried his skid-row work to U. S. with a band of eight, starting in Philadelphia: their weapons, soap and soup; their target, souls.
25	M	T. Jefferson opens Univ. of Va., 1825	
26	Tu	Income tax due April 15. Get busy!	
27	W	Corkscrew is invented, 1860.	
28	Th	*Hunger is the best pickle*	
29	F	*Jazz Singer* breaks film's sound barrier, 1927	
30	Sa	Georgia medic first uses ether, 1842	
31	S	Daylight-saving Time begins, 1918	

APRIL hath XXX days — 4th Month

The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All Fools' Day:
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.—Unknown.

1	M	First automobile is sold, 1898	■ The Phaeton (price $1,000) jolted forward at 10 miles per hour, and took "ice packs" to cool its motor.
2	Tu	Congress decides to make money, 1792	
3	W	Pony express is off! 1860	
4	Th	Flag gets 13 stripes, 1818	
5	Fr	Pocahontas marries John Rolfe, 1614	■ The first mint, set up in Philadelphia, launched work by making copper coins.
6	Sa	G. Washington wins first election, 1789	
7	S	Passion Sunday	
8	M	Louisiana 145 years old today	
9	Tu	Lee surrenders at Appomattox, 1865	
10	W	Congress sets up patent system, 1790	■ The newly-organized Methodist church sent Washington word that it placed "full confidence in your wisdom and integrity for the preservation of those civil and religious liberties," granted by God.
11	Th	First safety-pin patent, 1849	
12	Fr	*Plough deep while sluggards sleep*	
13	Sa	*And you'll have corn to sell and keep*	
14	S	Palm Sunday	

mated at $2 millions. First Church trustees voted to rebuild on the same downtown site and accepted the offer of Temple Society of Concord, a Jewish congregation, to hold services temporarily in its building.

The Kingston fire came after $150,000 had been spent to renovate the building.

Horatio Bond, chief engineer of the National Fire Protection Association, said losses from church fires have been running $12 millions a year or more since 1952. The most common cause is a defective heating system; next, arson, and third, bad electrical equipment, Bond declared.

To reduce hazards, Bond urged churches to have local fire department inspect their property.

LEAD LAWMAKERS

103 Methodists in Congress

Methodists lead all religious affiliations in the 85th Congress with 18 Senators and 85 Representatives.

Others in the top six are Roman Catholics, 11 Senators and 75 Representatives; Baptists, 14 and 69; Presbyterians, 13 and 52; Episcopalians, 12 and 45, and Congregationalists, 8 and 19.

LUTHER FILM BAN

Sign of More Censorship?

Churchmen protesting the ban of the film *Martin Luther* by WGN-TV (Chicago) have moved to block the station's request to broadcast at full power. The Federal Communications Commission is being urged to investigate the station's position on "broadcasting public controversial subjects."

Cancellation of the *Martin Luther* TV premiere, reportedly because of Roman Catholic pressure, has aroused Protestants.

Typical of Methodist action, First Church, Evanston, Ill., among many, circulated petitions against the ban.

Said the Rev. Harold Bosley: "The time has come for the church to clarify its thinking on the censorship of religious films. We have had and will have a run on religious pictures and it is important that we take this action."

An independent Roman Catholic magazine deplored the role of Chicago Catholics in blocking the showing. Said *Commonweal:* "The true image of the church as a church of faith and truth has been defaced. For many it will have been replaced by the false image of pressure and intolerance."

HOUR WEEK

hy Pastors Break Down

Methodists in Jamaica, N.Y., appar-ly think their pastor has a work ek of 80 hours—twice as much as st people.

Replies to a questionnaire sent out the Rev. Charles A. Barton, pastor First Church, show his congregation uld allow him eight hours a night sleep, slightly more than an hour d a half each day for meals. For nily life and recreation, 20 hours a ek—less than three hours a day—s allotted.

Members felt he should devote six urs a week to meetings, spend 10 urs working on his sermon, and 12 urs in personal devotions. Biggest ne-consumer on the list was pastoral lling, on which members felt he ould spend 25 hours a week.

The pastor, they indicated, should end five hours a week in counseling, o hours in community work, three in eaching and teaching, eight in study-g, six in office work, two in confer-ces, and one in miscellaneous duties.

ERGYMEN ASK

Why Not Tax Churches?

Tax laws covering churches are com-g under scrutiny on three fronts.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, president, ational Council of Churches, is urg-g that the tax-free status of religious stitutions be re-examined.

The tax exemption seemed "a wise ovision when churches were weak and oor," Dr. Blake says. But now, "so uch untaxed wealth is falling into e hands of the churches, in time no ternative but revolution and expro-iation may seem to lie before the peo-e."

Meanwhile, Colorado has revised its al-estate tax to raise exemptions on urch-owned dwellings from $3,000 to 5,000 assessed valuation. And Arizona ay require religious organizations to ay taxes on property in which they ave business investments.

ORLD LITERACY

etter Tools Needed?

It's time to reappraise Christian lit-rature throughout the world and de-rmine its impact on the millions of ewly literate, warns the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Litera-ure. Known as "Lit-Lit," the commit-ee is a unit of the National Council of hurches' Division of Foreign Mis-ions.

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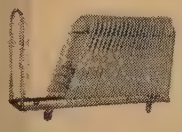
TRUCKS FOR FOLDING CHAIRS



Folding Chair Trucks for moving, handling and storing folding chairs. All steel, electrically welded. Swivel casters. Several models & sizes including special table-and-chair.

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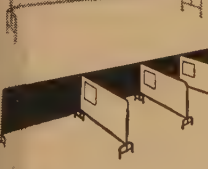
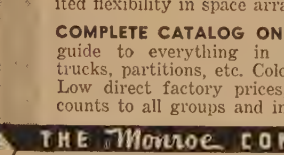


Monroe's new movable partitions sturdily built and handsome in appearance. Smooth masonite panels in tubular steel frames.



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FUNDS MOUNT UP

Plans, Pledges Under Way

Two proposed Methodist theological schools are on the way. More than $2.5 millions were pledged for one school in Ohio and plans are being pushed for another in the Kansas-Missouri-Nebraska area.

Ohio Methodist churches oversubscribed their goal of $1.5 millions, and more than $1 million was pledged in a special-gifts campaign. The school will need $4 millions, and is expected to open no later than 1960.

Among donors is a 15-year-old Columbus newsboy, Jerry Freer, who gave 10,000 pennies.

The Kansas-Missouri-Nebraska area school probably will be built in Kansas City, Mo. Like the Ohio school and existing seminaries, it will serve the entire Methodist church.

CREDIT UNIONS

Methodists Operate 59

Methodist congregations operate only 59 of the 1,289 church-controlled credit unions in the U.S., it has been revealed. In contrast, Roman Catholic churches run 1,021 credit unions—more than four times the 268 units operated by all Protestants.

Credit-union groups in factories, churches, business houses, put money into a pool, and lend to each other at low interest rates.

Among Protestants, Methodists rank second, trailing Baptists who have 75 credit unions. Episcopalians have 19, Presbyterians 15, and Lutherans, 8.

NISEI METHODISTS

Seek Integration by 1964

Integrating the entire conference with one of the five white conferences surrounding it now is a major goal of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, the Rev. Taro Goto, superintendent, has announced.

"We have set 1964 as the deadline for integration," he said recently, "but we shall, of course, be happy to see it take place any time before that."

The 31 churches within the conference, which embraces six Western

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Sailing aboard Canadian Pacific's *S. S. Princess Louise,* the cruise includes Ketchikan, Juneau, Mendenhall Glacier, Wrangell, Skagway, Lake Bennett and Carcross in Alaska and the Yukon. The scenic American Rockies, Rainier National Park, the Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise and Banff are included in the trip—altogether a marvelous escorted tour with the best company of fellow travelers imaginable.

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states, have been invited by the five white conferences to integrate "in one way or another," Goto said. The churches, he added, intend to become integrated as a conference, not through the separate transfer of individual churches.

MAJOR FAITHS URGE

'Let's Look at Prejudice'

Co-operative research by Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews into the problems of inter-religious relations in the U.S. was urged at a two-day symposium sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

The symposium brought together social scientists whose findings will be incorporated in a book scheduled for release this spring. Dr. Joseph B. Gittler, chairman, said the symposium provided "one of the few occasions when leading scholars of the three major faiths have met to face problems that ordinarily people back away from and pretend don't exist."

Australian Methodist evangelist, the Rev. Alan Walker, speaks to 1,000 people from the courthouse steps in Evansville, Ind., during his recent U.S. tour.

AUSTRALIAN SAYS

U.S. Probing Religion

Americans are asking "pertinent, revealing questions of deep significance" about religion, the Rev. Alan Walker, Australian Methodist evangelist, has found on a year-long "Mission to America."

His recently completed speaking trip, sponsored by the Board of Evangelism, carried him to scores of cities for major campaigns and shorter meetings. He

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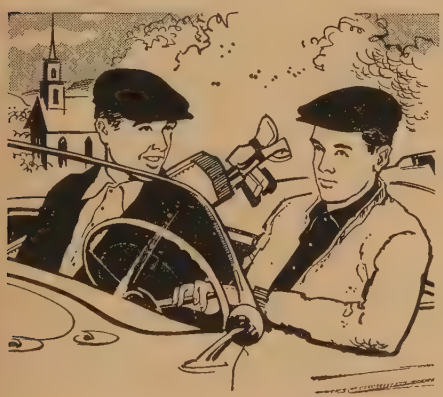

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The mission contributed much to the standards of Methodist evangelism and ecumenical Christianity, said the board.

Now visiting professor of homiletics and evangelism at Boston University School of Theology, Dr. Walker will go to Europe and Ceylon after the spring semester. He plans to return to his Methodist work in Australia early in 1958.

NEW ALLY

Labor Fights Alcoholism

Labor organizations are making an effective contribution toward alcoholism prevention, Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord, president of the Board of Temperance, reported at its annual meeting.

He cited a letter from Charles Malley of the Labor Research Council, asking for church help.

"The acute impact of alcoholism on industry has now focused the attention of labor upon this perplexing problem," the letter read. "The need for an effective program for preventive alcoholism has never been more evident."

The council's *Bulletin* called alcoholism "a game of Russian roulette, played with alcohol rather than a pistol." It said "the greed for profit on the part of the liquor industry causes it to spend millions of dollars annually on false and fraudulent advertising of its poisonous products, which shorten life."

WILLAMETTE TRUSTEES

Back College ROTC

Trustees of Willamette University, Methodist school in Salem, Ore., have approved continuation of an Air ROTC program. The vote was in line with a report of a special committee set up after the Oregon Conference. The Conference urged dropping ROTC.

The committee report questioned whether a majority of Methodist-church opinion is against ROTC. The important consideration, the committee stressed, is, "Shall our male students be enabled to train for positions of leadership in the Air Corps under civilian, Christian surroundings?"

FRANCO CLOSED IT

Will Seminary Reopen?

A Methodist bishop from South America has been commissioned by the World Council of Churches to seek written permission from the Spanish government for the Protestant Theological Seminary of Madrid to reopen. The seminary has been closed since January, 1956.

Bishop Santi Uberto Barbieri of Buenos Aires is to discuss the problem

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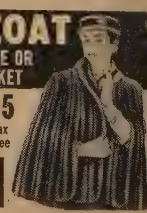

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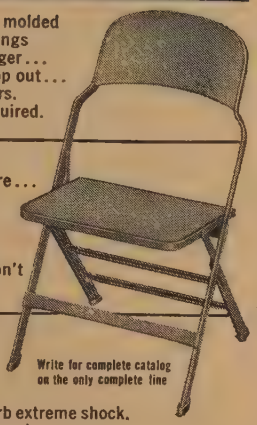

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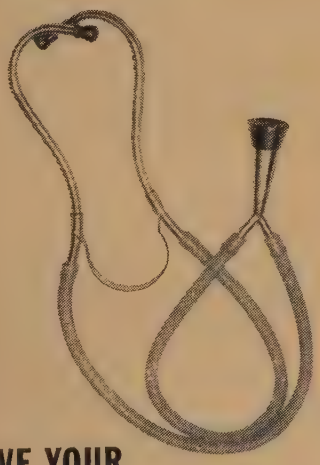

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with officials in Madrid. Although seals on the property have been removed, seminary officials want written approval from the government before starting classes. Otherwise, they fear, the school may be closed again at the whim of any government official.

POLITICIANS PRAY

No Sounding Brass

A retired Methodist minister has arranged pre-session prayer meetings for Iowa legislators. He is Rep. Judson T. Perkins, who suggested as an appropriate verse:

"If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal." (1 Cor. 13:1)

BILLY GRAHAM

'I Am Not Quitting'

Evangelist Billy Graham has denied newspaper reports that he is quitting evangelistic work to raise funds for universities.

"I have pledged my life to evangelism," Mr. Graham said.

Taking issue with an accusation that he is "no longer the Biblical literalist" people supposed, he asserted, "I believe with all my heart in the full inspiration of the Bible from cover to cover."

In a four-day mission at Yale University, the evangelist declared that "materialism is dying and the world of science is turning to theology for help in an insoluble dilemma." The answer, he said, is "in Christ, by repenting and obeying the will of God."

OKAY TO HIT PUPIL

Judge Cites Scripture

A Mount Vernon, N.Y., judge quotes Scripture to back his decision acquitting a teacher sued for striking a pupil.

The law permits and the Scriptures sanction use of "reasonable and moderate punishment," Acting City Judge John P. Griffith said, quoting:

"Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it from him." (Prov. 22:15)

"The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself causes shame to his mother." (Prov. 29:15)

DEDICATION WEEK

Helps World Projects

Half of all offerings in Methodist churches March 10 will be used for world missions, Bishop Hazen G. Werner, Advance Committee Chairman, and Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, Week of Dedication Chairman, have

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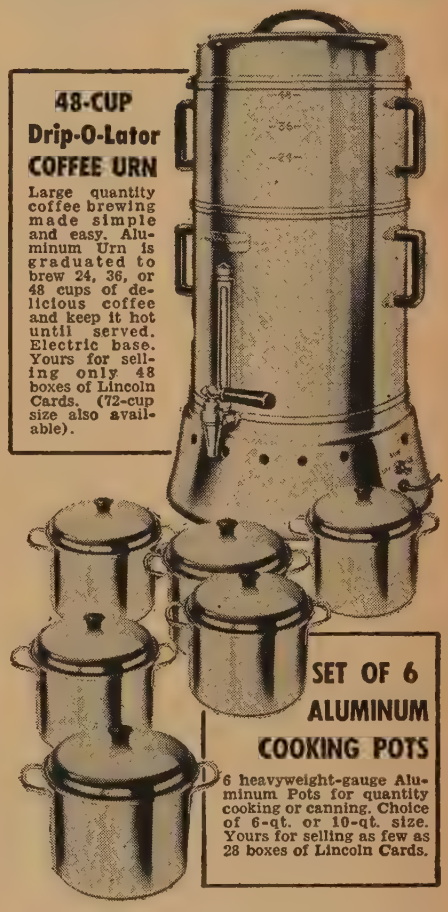

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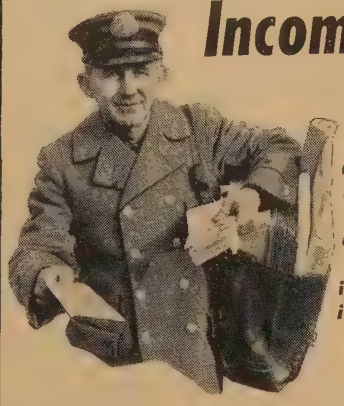

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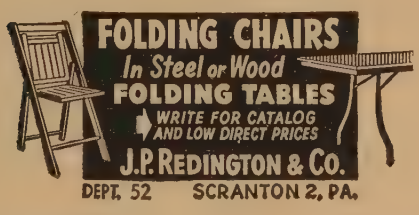
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announced. Methodists observed the week this year March 3-10.

One of the first claims on the church-wide offering is a $150,000 fund for Crusade Scholarships to make possible study in this country by nationals from other lands.

Other projects slated to benefit include a Goodwill Industries building in Uruguay, a student center on Okinawa, a dormitory at Lucknow Christian College in India, a hospital in Sarawak, North Borneo, and several undertakings in the Philippines.

The remainder of the offerings will be divided between national missions work and the program of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

COLLEGE PROBLEMS

On Deck at Junaluska

Methodists and Presbyterians will be host to 500 presidents and trustees of Protestant church-related colleges at Lake Junaluska, N.C., June 28-30.

The conference, first of its kind in the U.S., will kick off a series designed to study the problems of church-related colleges.

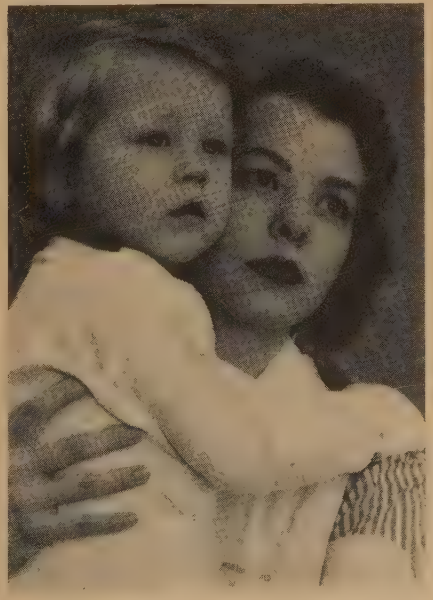
Committee chairman is Chicago newsman and Methodist layman Milburn P. Akers. Topics will include training college trustees, financing a church college, planning trustee meetings, better public relations, and relationships between denomination and college.

ALABAMA GIRL

'Miss Methodist Nurse'

A pert young woman from the Southland is "Miss Methodist Student Nurse."

Miss Marjorie Brasfield, 21, student at the Carraway Methodist Hospital,



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FULL 12-OZ. KEEPSAKE TIN
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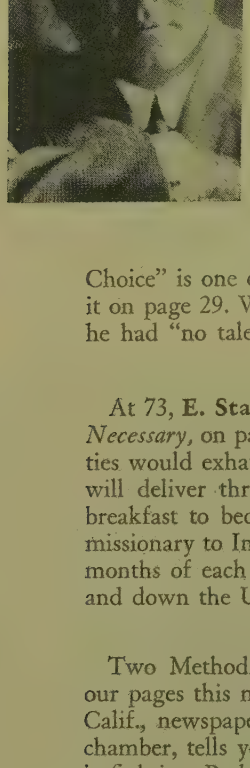
Let's Get Acquainted



FOR **William Sydney Porter** (1862-1910) life was an uphill battle. He quit school at 15 to clerk in a drugstore, left a later job as a Texas bank clerk to try his hand as a newspaper publisher. His paper was popular—but a financial flop. Subsequently he was indicted as an embezzler, spent three years in jail. But this man could write! While he was in prison he put his abilities to work. He had a special knack—probably learned from his own heartbreaks—of telling the story of the poor, the downtrodden, those on whom fortune turned her back. But he didn't write under his own name. He signed his stories **O. Henry.** This month our "Reader's Choice" is one of his most tender stories, *The Last Leaf*. Read it on page 29. We think it shows why critics have said of him, he had "no talent, only genius."

●

At 73, **E. Stanley Jones,** who tells you why *Anxiety Is Not Necessary,* on page 9, is an evangelistic whirlwind whose activities would exhaust most men half his age. On a typical day he will deliver three or four *different* speeches, stretching from breakfast to bedtime. At day's end, he's still going strong. A missionary to India since 1907, Dr. Jones has been spending six months of each year in that country, six months preaching up and down the U.S.

●

Two Methodists tackle different aspects of communism in our pages this month. **Sen. William F. Knowland,** Oakland, Calif., newspaper publisher and minority leader in the upper chamber, tells you in *Midmonth Powwow* on page 26 why he is fighting Red China's entry into the UN. And on page 13 **Virgil A. Kraft,** former director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Minnesota, gives you an insight into what Soviet young people are thinking. He gathered material for *Young Russians Are Asking Questions* during a three-month Soviet tour.

●

Almost as soon as he could talk, **Donald Culross Peattie** began begging his parents to move out of crowded Chicago and into the country. Now, half a century later, he is one of America's best-known nature writers. We are proud to bring you one of the most inspiring of all his writings: *Rainbows at Work* (page 34) this month.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

(Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dashes.) Bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

1—(and smaller picture to left) Virgil Kraft • 2—Bill Sears, Horticulture • 9—Religious News Service • 13—Virgil Kraft • 15—Virgil Kraft • 16—Arthur S. Harris, Jr. • 18—Lionel Green—Norton and Peel • 21-23—Photographs by Fulton • 27—Methodist Prints • 30—United Press • 31—United Press • 32—A. Aubrey Bodine, The Baltimore Sunday Sun—Maurice • 33—Robert M. Riddell, Jr., Jack Sheaffer, The Arizona Star—International News Photos • 34—Pach Brothers of New York • 35—Paul Guillumette, Inc. • 36—Publix Pictorial Service, Inc. • 37—Harry Vroman, Arizona Highways • 38—Camera Clix • 39—Rev. Charles Ray Goff • 40—Louise Purnell Jones • 41—Shostal • 42—Fred Ragsdale, Arizona Highways (Graphic View Camera; 5¼ inch wide field Ektar lens; Ektachrome daylite film; no filter; exposure: one-half second at approximately F-18; picture was made the second week in September, 1950, at about 5 P.M.) • 50—United Press • 61—Swallow's Studio • 65—United Press, Syracuse (N.Y.) Post Standard • 76—Charles W. Keysor (Rolleiflex, multiple flash, Anscochrome, F-5.6 at 1/50 sec.

Birmingham, Ala., was presented to th Board of Hospitals and Homes' annu meeting in Chicago as winner over 2 candidates representing 52 nursin schools.

She is active in Fairview Methodi Church, Birmingham, where she ha lived most of her life, and in studen nurse groups. Probably her favorit hobby is reading about medical an nursing subjects.

METHODIST GIFTS

Help 'New Japan'

International Christian University, e tablished in 1953 "to train new leader for a new Japan," will graduate its firs class of seniors March 21.

The event is significant to Methodist because of the leading role they playe in founding the university—first of it kind in Japan—and in contributing t its support.

Part of the commencement program will be ground-breaking for the $350,000 Ralph E. Diffendorfer Memoria Church House and Student Center named for Methodist missionary Dr Ralph Diffendorfer, who died in 1951 He served for years as executive secretary of the Division of World Missions and he was first president of the ICU Foundation, incorporated by some 1 U.S. and Canadian church-mission boards. The foundation laid the groundwork in getting the university started Two hundred thousand dollars tota cost is being underwritten by the Division of World Missions and the foreign department of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

About 60 of the 168 students in ICU's first graduating class (all libera arts) will go into business and govern ment jobs. Ten have received U.S graduate scholarships; two have been accepted in Japanese graduate universities; 58 plan to teach.

The all-Christian, international faculty of 86 includes noted educators from Japan (66), the U.S., Canada, China Germany, and Great Britain.

Of the student body of 665, 12 per cent come from abroad. Entrance requirements are stiff. Among other qualifications, students must be in the upper 5 per cent of their high-school class.

At commencement the university also will launch the first professional school (Graduate School of Education), to be

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, PAGE 53

Bible quiz: 1. Judges; 2. Proverbs; 3 Numbers; 4. Mark; 5. Job; 6. Romans 7. Acts. Riddle for March: Spring.

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Major responsibility for The Methodist Story, *the church's newest magazine, falls on these men: Dr. E. Harold Mohn (left), publisher and general secretary of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, and Edwin H. Maynard, editor.*

followed with graduate-study programs in public administration (1958), and social work (1959), and later schools of medicine, business administration, theology, law, agriculture, and engineering.

Three Methodist leaders will attend the commencement, representing the church: The Rev. Thoburn T. Braumbaugh, Board of Missions secretary for Korea, Japan, and Okinawa; Bishop Richard C. Raines, president of the Division of World Missions; and Miss Margaret Billingsley, executive secretary for Japan and Korea, Woman's Division of Christian Service.

NEW MAGAZINE

To Help Methodist Leaders

The first issue of *The Methodist Story,* a new magazine stressing local-church program ideas, was launched this month by the Methodist Commission on Promotion and Cultivation.

The 32-page publication, dressed in a snappy blue-gray cover, went to 200,000 church leaders throughout the United States. (Seven people in each Methodist church will receive the magazine each month at no cost: pastor, lay leader, church-school superintendent, and the chairmen of the local-church commissions on missions, education, membership and evangelism, and stewardship and finance.)

Authors in volume one, number one, included James A. Hamilton, head of the Board of Temperance legal department, who writes on alcohol legislation before Congress, and Bishop William T. Watkins, Louisville, Ky., who sets forth the objectives of Christian higher education. The contents also contained regular departments like "It Worked for Us"—a reader report on successful local-church projects, "Just Out"—a description of new agency publications and short information.

Editor of *The Methodist Story* is Edwin H. Maynard, former news editor of Together and The New Christian Advocate. Darrell R. Shamblin, the managing editor, is a West Virginia newspaperman who has been a Methodist public-relations specialist in Pittsburgh and Chicago. James L. Riedy, production manager, was formerly editor of *The Gideon,* house organ for Gideons International.

Working closely with this editorial team as consulting editors are members of the commission staff—the Rev. O. L. Simpson, the Rev. Howard Greenwalt, business manager, and publisher Dr. E. Harold Mohn, commission general secretary.

Purposes of the magazine, said Editor Maynard:

- Providing in one place information about current programs of The Methodist Church.
- Telling church leaders what resources are available to them through Methodism's boards and agencies.
- Describing effective local-church activities.
- Showing what Methodists accomplish through World Service and other benevolence funds.

Methodism's newest magazine took form eight months ago when General Conference mapped a streamlined church-publishing program that more sharply defines specific areas of reader interest.

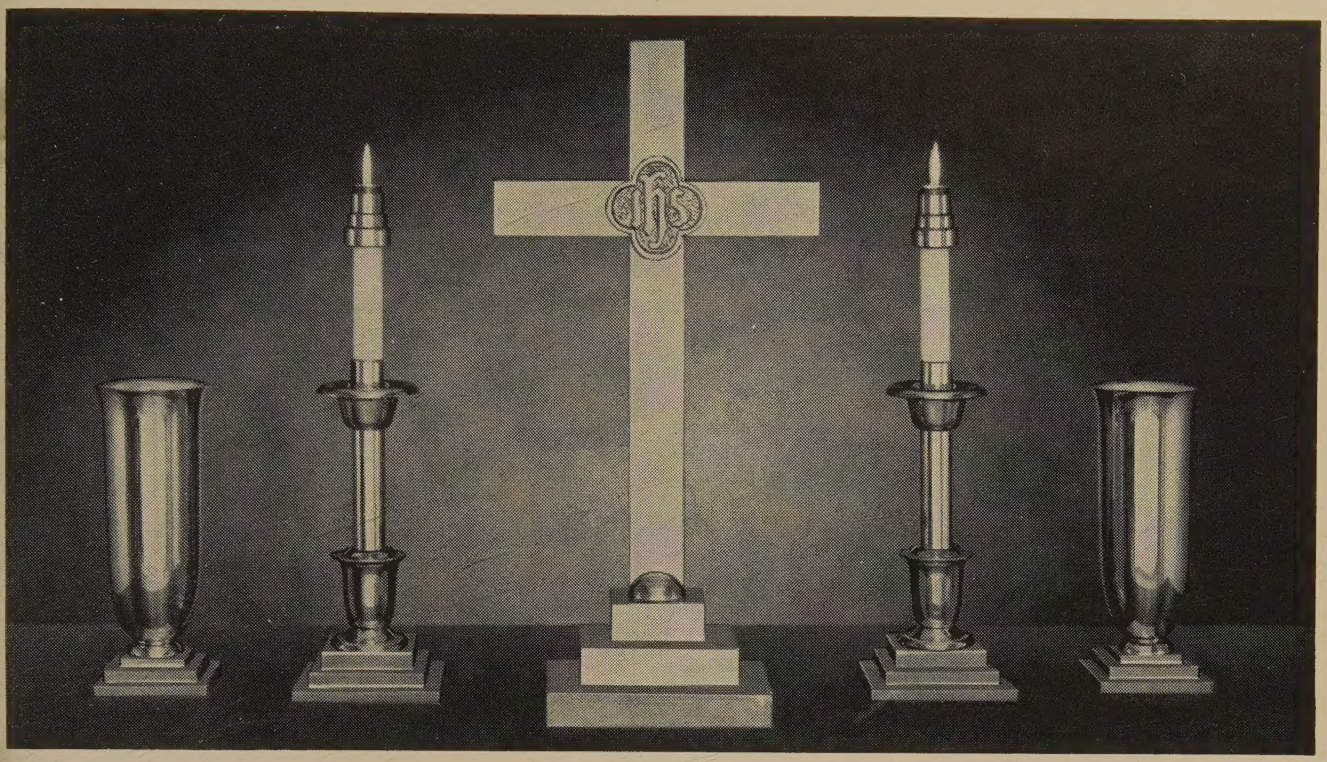
The new monthly family magazine, Together, serves Methodists of all ages. Pastors now have their own professional journal—the digest-sized monthly, The New Christian Advocate. Scholars and theologians have *Religion in Life.*

Other church publications serving specific fields of interest (exclusive of church schools) are *The Methodist Woman, World Outlook* (missions), *Motive* (college students), *Concern* (young people), *The Methodist Layman* (men), *Mature Years,* (older people), and *Christian Home* (educational-family).

Until General Conference, five magazines did the job it assigned to *The Methodist Story.* They were *Church and Campus, The Pastor's Journal, Shepherds, The Story,* and *The Voice.*

Illustrated on the cover are Methodism's major programs to strengthen local churches and its related colleges.

For classic beauty and distinction for your chapel and church altar . . . ALTARWARE *by* SUDBURY



THE classic beauty and restrained style of these perfectly matched pieces direct attention to the altar and symbolize the presence of God. This beautiful brass Sudbury set will lend reverence and dignity to your worship services through the years.

The top of the candle should not be higher than the crossarm of the cross. The 10-inch or 12-inch candles and the 11-inch vases are recommended to accompany the 24-inch cross. The set illustrated above contains the 24-inch cross, 12-inch candlesticks and the 11¼-inch vase. The candles and Sudbury waxsavers shown with the set are not included.

Each piece of the set is of solid brass, polished and lacquered to a gleaming finish. Vases have removable aluminum containers. Order by numbers at right. Transportation extra.

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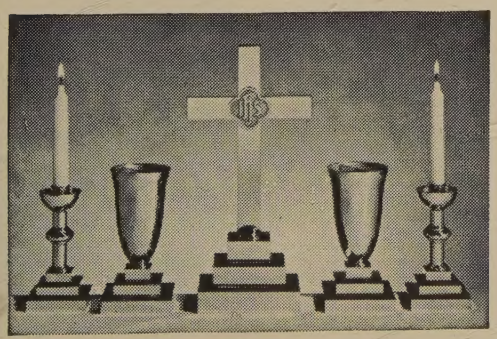
SB-152. 11¼-Inch Vases. Base, 4¼x4¼ inches. Wt., pair, 6 lbs., 11 ozs. . . . . pair, **$60.00**
SB-152B. 13¼-Inch Vases. Base, 5⅝x5⅝ inches. Wt., pair, 11 lbs., 9 ozs. . . . . pair, **$85.00**



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RIDING THE CIRCUIT

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